

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE FIRST BRIDAL VISIT.

FYTTE FIRST.

"Sing heigh! sing ho! for the land of flowers!"

THOSE bells! how often I seem again to hear that merry marriage-peal—my wedding-bells! As I dream in my chair, and hear at intervals my husband's snore from the opposite side of the fireplace, the curfew rumbling down the chimney changes by some gentle modulation into the echo of a merry chime. Ah, well! we will draw no contrasts; I was a wee little creature on that May-day, 18—, hardly out of the school-room. Somehow I had fascinated a staid man, (oh, *n'importe!* we will pass over his age,) I was mightily afraid of him, in spite of his petting and presents; but people called us lovers. He said he had loved me better than all the world. I certainly had never fallen in love with anybody, unless, it was with the handsome doctor who had set up in the village, and used to ogle me in church. But I had never spoken to him. My father was not rich, and I had lots of sisters. I never had many dresses before. I am sure I grew an inch after writing all the orders to milliners and mantua-makers. But they are tiresome people. Cousin Alick, who was ill at our house at the time, used to stand patiently and let us hang the gowns and scarfs upon him. Ah, poor cousin Alick! But that *trousseau* gave me many heartaches. I heard the sage people say that I was growing pale and thin for love. I knew in my own heart that I was fretting because I could not have a Honiton lace dress to be married in, like Maria Forester. And one of my bonnets was very unbecoming. Well, then came settlements and signing, and I read the scene in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, that I might be perfect in my part. I thought cousin Alick coughed more, and looked paler that night. I forgot his looks, though, when, on running upstairs, I found on my bed, oh! the sweetest Honiton lace dress and veil, and such a jewel-box, glittering with necklaces! I flew down again and kissed Major Lauriston before them all. The first time I had ever kissed him! What a beautiful May morning it was, and how well my dress looked! There stood the barouche and the four greys at the door. Why did I cry so in church? I am sure I do not know; for I was not thinking of a word old Mr. Barton read out of the prayer-book. Perhaps it was because I saw my mother's eyes were wet, and I caught a tone of my cousin Alick's voice in the responses. I never heard his voice sound like that before. We signed our names in the vestry, and then every one fell a-kissing, and in the hurry I kissed cousin Alick, and he was so deadly cold. But Major Lauriston lifted me into the carriage, and called me his little wife. The villagers shouted, and some children threw flowers into my lap, and we dashed up to the lodge gate. As we drove down the avenue the head of the barouche struck against a laburnum in full blossom. A shower of drops blinded me, and a long tress of the yellow flower fell on my face. I never pass that tree now without recollecting its ominous welcome. I thought the old servants would have shaken my hands off. It seemed to

me a fine thing to be married, and so I told my bridesmaids when they drew lots for my gloves; and everybody laughed at me. At last we set off, and I looked back again and again, and still my mother waved her handkerchief, and still the group crowded to the door. Then I wept in earnest: I felt so forlorn, and Major Lauriston, sitting in the corner of the barouche, looked as formidable to me as when we were first introduced. Oh dear! I had forgotten that, whether I liked it or not, I must stay by his side. Then there was my new maid. I used to say it would be a fine thing to have a real lady's-maid. How often I wished for old Hester back again! I was dreadfully afraid of this Ellis! I thought she was always laughing at me in her sleeve. I used to try to slip up stairs quietly into my room, but she found out by witchcraft whenever I wanted to go out. There I found her always folding my shawl, and pressing out the bows of my bonnet. I was quite afraid to put on my things becomingly, and then I used to fancy Major Lauriston would not be so kind to me, if I did not look as pretty and stylish as formerly. I told him of my terror at Ellis, but he smiled gravely, and said she was quite right. Oh, how I did long sometimes to be alone! How I wished for my sisters, that I might be foolish and merry! How I yearned for my mother, that I might tell her all my troubles! My husband was very kind to me, but he did not know what a little fool I was, and I was anxious he should not discover it; yet sometimes I would have given the world to tell him. His sisters were older than himself; it was years since he had lived at home. How could he know all the fears and whims, and fancies and longings, of a gay, petted girl of eighteen? We made a tour of the lakes. I, who had lived in the Boeotian realms of Cheshire all my life, was in raptures at the scenery. I rushed about like a wild thing. My delight overcame my awe of my husband. I coaxed him to say he had never seen anything so beautiful as Windermere. He answered me out of *Childe Harold*. I soon found my husband was not a man of ecstasies. I am sure he thought that he compromised his dignity if he condescended to admire or wonder. Then, poor creature! he had divers troubles about the bad roads and the springs of the carriage. The drag-chain always broke at the pinch of the hill, and Ellis had never packed up in time. I did feel proud of him, though, when I saw the gentleman-like way in which he dealt with the postboys and the sharks at inns. But he grew weary of touring. We were to go and stay with a sister of his, who lived somewhere near London. I tried to find out something about her, but Major Lauriston would give me no *carte du pays*. She had been married long, had grown-up sons and daughters. (Oh, how I dreaded my nieces!) I was sure she was precise, perhaps stern.

The journey to Beccesley tired me wofully. I was not used to travelling—my husband was. He would ask me if we should stop on the road, but I saw that he expected me to say "no." I grew heartily sick of that yellow barouche. At last we arrived at Beccesley. It was about five o'clock—the house smelt of dinner. There was Mrs. Ban-

nister in the hall, and two Misses Bannisters peeping over the stairs. My sister-in-law was a cold, prim-looking, small woman, like my husband in face. I felt glad of that; but for the likeness I might have taken her for the house-keeper. The bare fear of such a *contre-temps* made me shiver. The drawing-room was smartly arranged. Alas! I caught a glimpse of a long table covered with knives and forks in the dining-room. I guessed my fate. Mr. Bannister confirmed it. They had invited a party to meet me at dinner. I could have cried. I felt so jaded, my head ached. Every nerve twitched. Oh, for one of my mother's early cups of tea! But I was hurried up stairs, and told that dinner would be on table punctually at six, and they waited for no one. My sister-in-law had a dry, measured way of speaking. I had been used to warmth and heartiness. I fancied she looked disapprovingly at her brother's young bride, and my heart sank within me. Ellis was turning out all my smart things. The tears rushed to my eyes, for I thought of the last time I had seen them. However, Ellis looked so stiff and starch, I dared not have a good cry, as I longed; and Lauriston put his head in at the door to bid me be quick, and be sure to be ready in time. I trembled every time I heard him stalk up and down his dressing-room. I expected him to come in for me every moment. Ellis was cross, and said if I did not sit still she could not do my hair. Oh, horror of horrors! my dress would not meet. That vexatious mantua-maker had sent it so late that there had been no time to try it on, and I forgot it whilst flitting from place to place. In vain Ellis tugged. I heard a great split.

"I can't go down to dinner," said I, in the hardihood of despair, as my tall husband came in drawing on a white glove.

For a moment he looked angry. I guess he saw I was in no state to be fussed, so he told Ellis in a calm way to get out another dress, and to be less clumsy another time. Ellis sulkily answered, it was no fault of hers if Mrs. Lauriston grew out of her gowns, and she muttered some reason for it, which made me quite mad with her. It had this good effect, however, that Lauriston was very indulgent, and I felt so grateful that I made no objection to the white muslin and pink ribands which Ellis fished up from the depths of the imperial, though it was the least handsome dress I had, and I rather wished my first appearance in my husband's family to be good. Laurister clasped my bracelet himself, and, wonderful to relate, paid me a compliment when I was dressed at last.

"Some people," he said, "might wear anything, and yet look better than every one else!"

He stooped and kissed his little wife quite tenderly. I was blushing still at his praises when the servants threw open the drawing-room door for us. What a circle! and all eyes turned on me! Then I was formally introduced to everybody; beginning with Mr. Bannister, my two nieces, and three nephews, who stared at me most unmercifully. In the midst of the fray, I looked round for Lauriston. He was at the other end of the world, talking away to a handsome gentleman in the window. I never knew the full dignity and relief of being married till Mr. Bannister, when dinner was announced, led me in before all those other tall ladies. Often and often my sisters and I had counted heads, wondering if, in the scramble, we should get anybody to take us in, or

a seat when arrived—those days were at an end. The handsome man sat opposite me, next my eldest niece, who looked wooden and unconcerned, and continually stared at me. So did the gentleman; but I did not mind him so much, for, if I looked up, he turned away his eyes. It was very seldom I had dined at regular state parties. The whole evolutions of the table impressed me with great awe. I did not like drinking wine with people at first; a sudden stiffness seized just that joint in my neck which ought to have been supple. Latterly I grew bold, and almost felt inclined to make a grimace instead of an unmeaning little bow. But there was a fate against my attaining a well-bred composure. Just as they were arranging the second course, I felt something pulling at my head. I turned and saw that a footman had caught his button in my hair. I spoke to him, and I put my hand to my head, and still he tried to break away, quite innocent where the hitch lay. Then I screamed—for I could bear it no longer. Up jumped Lauriston from the bottom of the table. Every eye was on me. That awkward man had wrenched down all my hair, and it hung in masses over me. The handsome gentleman said something about "golden tresses" to my niece, loud enough for me to hear, and Mr. Bannister called his daughter to twist up the hair again, saying kindly, it was not every lady who would have felt the loss of her head-dress. He went on to tell a funny story about himself, how once, in a high wind, he lost his hat and wig, Syntax-like, in the Strand, and was obliged to walk home bald-headed. This made a diversion, and every one exclaimed, at the natural appearance of his wig, "Indeed, no one could have guessed it was false hair," &c.; and, meanwhile, my handsome *vis-à-vis* sent a servant to ask me to drink a glass of champagne with him. There was no mistaking the look in his eye as he drank it; it said, as plainly as an eye could speak, "Here's to our better acquaintance." And we *did* improve it.

Nobody knows what the young ones endure of dulness and insipidity during the reign of matrons and dowagers after dinner. The charitable nod; the scandalous keep themselves awake by racy anecdotes of friends and neighbors; young brides talk consequentially of servants and housewifery. Alack! I did not know veal from mutton. I never could "play pretty" in my life. But I set all the young ones agog about a famous bustle, the pattern of which I possessed. There never was such a sensation! In the middle of it, whilst dame and miss (oh, I must except my sister-in-law, she only smiled indulgently) were tiptoe around me, and I was fashioning my pocket-handkerchief into the shape of the bustle, in came the gentlemen. The ladies looked as if caught in the fact. How was it? I grew nervous, for I stood alone in the middle of the room, flourishing the handkerchief. I was irresistibly prompted to reveal the mystery. Oh, company of masons! ye never looked more aghast, when ye discovered the listener in the clock-case, than did these worthy women, as the gentlemen roared and tittered at my discovery. I took courage when I saw even my husband biting down a smile. But I wanted a chair, and demure female faces hedged me in on all sides. "To the rescue!" There stood the knight of the handsome countenance motioning to me. I darted into the empty chair, and was well nigh buried in its depths. My knight was a modest man. It was by degrees only that he insinuated himself into

a light, sportive vein. I am sure he took me (as I was) for a rustic lately snared, and put various leading questions, which I parried or laughed at as the humor took me. At last I fairly asked him,—

"And pray who are you? Do tell me your name?"

He looked so amused, that I blushed and hung my head for shame. However, he said he was "one Fred Vernon, of the —." So I asked him a great deal about Spain, for I had heard enough of these matters from my husband, which I told him, and he said something about Desdemona, and glancing at Major Lauriston said, in an under tone,—

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her, that she did pity them."

Adding a most significant "Eh!" I did n't half understand him. But this strain of badinage continued, and he by some means found out my name. "Rose!" Well, he certainly was skilful at quotations. I listened, amazed at all the fine poetry he spouted; and then he was so infinitely amused to find I had never read *Lalla Rookh*, and promised to bring it for me the next day. He told me the prettiest stories about the Rose and the Bulbul, only I was ashamed to be obliged to ask him who this Bulbul was! There was a great deal of music, for the Miss Bannisters played duets "*con spirito*," so all our nonsense flowed lightly on, and none the wiser for it but ourselves.

I was quite sorry when the party broke up—this stiff party of strangers which I had so dreaded. Captain Vernon was full of plans for pic-nics, and begged hard to be allowed to be my knight on all occasions; and I told him he must settle matters himself. I called him "Sir Lancelot the Floure of Chivalrie," and he said I was a second Queen Guenever.

Alas! my King Arthur was somewhat sterner and more vigilant than the bold prince of old. I was quite frightened at his black, sullen visage, when only the family party remained. I suddenly felt I had been foolish again to some purpose. What *had* I done to make him so angry? I looked round. My sister-in-law was such a grave, proper sort of person. The girls looked as cold as stones. The boys seemed my only allies, and I thought they meditated future frolics with their skittish aunt. I was quite glad when Mr. Bannister returned from handing the fat old lady to her carriage. He always looked jolly and complacent. I thought they were all stiff and frigid to the lowest degree. I had not been used to such ways. I almost burst out crying when Mrs. Bannister formally wished me good night. And then I had to endure Ellis' cross-questionings, and her spleen about the accident to my hair. I certainly have contrived to displease everybody to-night. No! I checked my pettish tears—not everybody! for I remembered me of that deep blue eye, and the singularly exquisite mouth, that smiled so bewitchingly on me. I am afraid I wished "Heaven had made me such a man." Then in came my lord and master, in his blue dressing-gown, which I told him made him look as if he had been playing at snap-dragon; whereat, in a very dry way, he said, "For his part he had left off childish follies." That detestable Ellis looked as if she expected a certain-lecture. So I, glad to have a safe subject for my irritation, gave her a tart notice to quit the room. Yet, when I found myself alone with my

tall, grim husband, I wished her back again. I shook in my slippers as he began, in a cold, deliberate tone—

"Rosamond!" Now he never before had called me anything but Rose, or his "little wife." "Rosamond, I did hope my wife would know sufficiently how to conduct herself as not to make me ashamed of her in the eyes of my own family, especially on the first occasion of her introduction."

If he had been the least kind, the small remains of my animal strength and my spirits (never valiant) would have given way, but his harsh words made me think of Othello, and I told him sharply, "If he were disappointed, so was I; I did expect my husband would have shown some consideration for his little young wife, but as he did not, and as his sister and her family had evidently taken a dislike to me, and left me quite in the lurch, I should certainly shift for myself as I best could. I had been used to kindness, and I had no doubt I should still get it somewhere." I trembled at my own hardihood.

Conceive my astonishment when my husband, finding I was no meek Griselda, suddenly tamed down from the lion to the lamb. He assured me that he had no intention of neglecting me, that it was not the thing at all to play the *sposo innamorato* in public; that I must know he would rather talk to me, and have me all to himself, than any one else. Could I say the same! I pouted and sputtered a great deal about exclusiveness and jealousy, and unbearable reserve. He read me a lecture on discretion and matronly behavior. How funny we must have looked! I tearing out my long hair, and perched on the stool; he leaning Don Quixote-like against the wall, the very image of that "knight of the sorrowful countenance." Alas! I was yet in the land of flowers, and he had stepped far into the barren wastes of life. Really, though, he spoke in such a kind, dignified way, and looked so sad, I longed to beg his pardon. Instead of doing it submissively, I jumped on my feet, and putting my mouth up to be kissed, said, half-crying and half-laughing—

"If I had only some name to call you by, I think I could love you very much."

Thereupon he took me upon his knee, and petted me.

"Can't you call me Julius? Why not my own Christian name?"

"Christian! I should think of that swarthy Roman who put away his wife! Julius! the very name stirs up war! No, no, not Julius!"

So our first quarrel finished in a very lover-like way indeed. But, as I lay awake, I thought seriously of the ocean of troubles on which I had embarked. This was to be married! I must not speak, or look, or move, without referring mentally to my husband. I, who had never reflected for any two minutes consecutively in my life—I to be sage, staid, circumspect, give up my butterfly life! And he who set me these rules! What did I know of him? Ah! it fell upon me like a crash, that I had heedlessly joined myself to one I knew nothing of. How could I know him! He used to shoot with my father, ride with me and my sisters, listen to our songs, read to us a little, dance with me, and give me jewels, and on this I married him. We had been engaged for three months, and here was I tied to him for life. But could I have known him better after ten years' acquaintance! In those days was he not bent on pleasing me! but now it

was I who must please him. I felt I knew no more of my own husband's peculiarities of temper and taste than I knew of Julius Cæsar. I had just glanced on the outside. I was liable to offend him every moment, through sheer ignorance and inexperience; and I was so wilful, I knew it. I had been chidden for thoughtlessness from a child. Why did n't Susan marry him? Grave, good sister Susan, who always got me out of scrapes, and never was in one herself! I wept bitter tears over myself—the tomb of my youth. Youth, pleasure, and gaiety vanished! and I bethought me of the old song,—

“What can a young woman do with an old man?”

Yet he was only in the prime of life: a handsome man, kind, and good withal. Oh! for my sake and his, we must love each other; we must bear and forbear. I grew philosophical as I became more and more drowsy, and fell asleep dreaming of the Fortunate Isles of married life that still bloomed for the virtuous. By some spell of glamourie, dark eyes melted into blue, black hair changed to clustering chestnut curls. I thought he had thrown himself at my feet before them all, vowing himself my knight for life, and clasping my hand in his. My husband stood with a stormy brow opposite. I awoke. The drops stood on my brow, my teeth chattered. There lay my husband asleep, holding my hand in his.

FYTHE SECOND.

“I dreamed a dreary dream last night.
God keep us a' frae sorrow.”

It was Sunday morning, and I had been warned last night to be in time for prayers at half-past eight. At my home a visitor, on her first morning after a long journey, would certainly have been excused coming down at all; but Mrs. Bannister did not look as if she had ever had her breakfast in bed in her life: so I stumbled out of mine, though I felt as if I had not been asleep at all. I blundered through the preliminaries of the toilette, and seated myself on the sofa to put on my shoe and stocking. My eyes were as heavy as lead. I seemed to hear Mrs. Bannister's precise voice; that busy, prim housewife, with starched mob cap, and handkerchief pinned across her chest. What had I done now? Oh, what a laugh shouting in my ears! I sprang forward, my husband had come in and found me fast asleep, “one stocking on, and one stocking off.” The bell had rung for breakfast, what was to be done? He only laughed, and said I looked as snug as a kitten coiled up in the sunshine; but he knelt down and gallantly assisted at the *chaussure*. I did not half like him for my maid, so I sent him off, and rang for Ellis. That spiteful Ellis! this was her way of paying off a grudge, as if she could not have come up to see why I did not ring my bell. I came down looking as penitent as Jane Shore. Mrs. Bannister said, somewhat roundly, she hoped I did not mind cold tea and tough toast; she pointed to the teapot, bid me lock up the sugar when I had done, said her girls had gone to the school an hour ago, and trotted away to gather her husband his Sunday nosegay. I was ready for church. There I got so faint, that nothing but the dread of my sister-in-law kept me up. That was a “*wisht*” Sunday for me. They were all so well and so brisk, and I so good for nothing; I could scarce choke down my tears. In fact I was dead tired. My husband said it was only my way, “Rose was

always either up or down,” and I was ashamed to say how ill I felt. That evening Mrs. Bannister said a great deal about the duty of serenity and cheerfulness, and how essential these qualities were to the comfort of life, especially the married state. My husband assented. I knew she was lecturing me. I don't like side-hits. I drew back sullenly into the dark corner of the sofa, and cried in silence. Mrs. Bannister prosed on about spirits and the variety of tempers she had met with. She talked very well, but I wished that night that the old man's black pudding in the fairy tale would stick to her lips. “She knew some people,” she said, “like the larch, who never would harmonize with the aspect of others; so vivid in their spring-days as to overpower their neighbors, so conspicuous in their sadness as to attract all eyes to their excessive show of grief. Extremes were bad.” If I had listened to the rest of that exordium, I should have had St. Vitus' dance. I hastily wished good night, was in bed, and pretended to be asleep before Major Lauriston came upstairs. I dreaded another preaching. Was he, forsooth, to sit by and hear me shot at like that? I would n't endure it, and that he should know. I would n't stay in a family who despised me; I would go home; there I was never treated with contempt. Cousin Alick, Susan, my own mother, take back your little Rosy! I cried half the night, my husband snored. I had shed more tears since I married, than all those that stained my spelling-book and dirtied my work in the days of stocks and back-boards.

Soap-bubbles! to be sure I could blow soap-bubbles; but where could we get the soap?

“Ah,” said my nephew Dick, “there's the rub! Mother has the key of the store-room!”

“Won't she give us a bit?”

“Not a shaving! Don't you know my mother better than that? She would n't give old Molly Tucker a cut to wash her old flannels with; but soap-bubbles! little aunt, you're no housewife!”

But I was bent on blowing soap-bubbles with the boys, so I sent Ellis to the village shop to buy pipes and soap. Ellis turned down her lips and regarded me with gentle contempt; nevertheless, we made beautiful soapy water, locked ourselves into the old school-room, and blew bubbles all the morning. Mine were the best. They were the largest; they floated like fairy balloons in the air. The gentlemen were shooting; my good nieces instructing their classes; sister-in-law, of course, was acting Phillis. Our window was close to the portico. Heigh ho! somebody was riding up the drive. We kept very still. The gentleman rode leisurely up to the door. He little knew how many eyes were upon him. He rode a superb grey horse.

“Why, it's Captain Vernon!” said Dick.

So it was. I blew such a fine bubble. It lighted just upon his horse's ear. He (the captain) started and stared. I clapped my hands, and then, jumping off his horse, he slipped his arm through the bridle, and came under the window. Robert offered to lead his horse to the stable, if he would come in and blow bubbles. Nothing loath, he put his hand on the sill and vaulted into the room. I thought he looked more graceful and handsome than ever. He seemed to like blowing soap-bubbles as well as the boys, but he used up all my soap, and kept taking my pipe instead of his own. We were a merry quartette; but after a while the new-comer tired, and proposed a stroll in the gar-

den. I was always ready for change, so we agreed to squirt the soapy water over the geraniums in the green-house. Robert gave us the slip. He wanted to inspect that gallant grey. Dick went to hunt for the squirt. Captain Vernon asked me if we were going to the ball at Southwood? Oh, yes! Sir Edward was Major Lauriston's old brother-officer. We were going to spend the week at Southwood—"how charming!"—so was he; and then he engaged me, I don't know how many deep, for the ball. I broke off a beautiful rosebud by accident; he caught it, and said, with a look that I could not meet, that there was no flower like the rose. Suddenly I remembered my husband's admonitions after my last persiflage; I grew confused—I am such a simpleton, to this day I cannot help blushing at the merest trifle. I said "I must go." He begged me to stay a few minutes—only a few minutes. There was nobody at home; why should I hurry away! How did he know that! I asked. "Why," said he, "you don't suppose I did not find out so much before I came?" However, I would not be coaxed nor laughed into staying, though he did quiz me about Petruchio and Othello. I ran off, and bade him follow at his peril. I was in a complete flutter all day. I expected every moment that the boys would say something about Captain Vernon. I had an uneasy fear about the mention of this morning's freak. At dinner, whenever conversation paused, I grew red and pale, and thought, "Now I'm in for it; here it comes." I watched Mrs. Bannister piling up each separate crumb of cheese on her square piece of bread in a nervous agony. Down fell a morsel of cheese, and my eyes were riveted on her till the little pyramid was leisurely conveyed into her mouth. Then I thought she never would have done scraping the plum-stones. They were to be cracked, she said. I thankfully listened to a famous receipt for noyau, and then Mr. Bannister said kindly, "Ah, she'll do at last, so skittish as she looks! There's one wrinkle for you; you may get many more from my wife." I knew she and the rest of them were wrinkling my brow before its time. At last she made the sign to depart, and I bounded so joyfully out of the room that Mr. Bannister said he had almost a mind to go to Southwood after all, if it was only to see me dance. Mr. Bannister at a ball! I was divided between this ludicrous notion and the fear of a natural concatenation between Southwood and Captain Vernon. To my infinite relief, I found the Bannisters were not going to Southwood. The evening passed away without mention of soap-bubbles and Captain Vernon. The boys had their fears as well as myself. In this Benthamite *ménage* such a prodigal waste of soap would have been as severely censured as a flirtation. Joy, joy! my nephews were to go back to school the next day. They would be off early. I was safe. Dreams sometimes go by contraries.

FYTTE THIRD.

"Sweetness* are swift, said Allan-a-Dale."

I was very much astonished at the interest all the good folks took in my preparations for this ball. They actually insisted on a rehearsal of the lace dress and diamond and turquoise set. Mr. Bannister lifted me on the table, turning me round like a doll, and examined even my shoes. He was pleased to compliment me so much that Lauriston

thought fit to interpose. Mrs. Bannister said I ought to enact the Fairy Queen. Lydia, my youngest niece, said, as I had so often done, "Well, it was a fine thing to be married!" Just then, on my pinnacle of glory, I thought so too, and looked forward to this ball with exulting feelings. I sprang off the table, and as Mr. Bannister caught me in his arms he observed, with a merry twinkle in his round eyes, that "'t was well he was an old man." He glanced at Lauriston as he added, pointing over his shoulder at him, "*He* would n't approve of your playing such pranks with a certain friend of ours." My niece Martha tittered inordinately. Lauriston flung back his coat, as I observed he always did when nettled, and my sister-in-law folded her hands and looked the very pattern of a discreet matron. As for me, I felt on fire, and tried to run off, but Mr. Bannister held me fast, and bantered me most provokingly about my conquest, and handsome officers, and the "scarlet fever." Lauriston tried hard to look jocose, my nieces grinned like cats; so at last I boxed my brother-in-law's ears and rushed up stairs, ready to sink with confusion. She was a good, kind soul after all, that sister-in-law of mine. She followed me, and unfastened my dress herself, quite in a motherly way, and said I must not mind Mr. Bannister's jokes; that was his way when he liked any one, and I was a great favorite of his. Her eyes quite beamed as she spoke. Then she talked of this ball, and I think soon found out how little experience I had as yet had. Indeed, before I married I only went to one real ball. I fancied she wanted to warn me against flirting, &c., for she begged me not to let my spirits run away with me, and to remember that what became a young girl very well was not suitable to a young wife. She gave me a few of the best possible hints about her brother. He was particular as to ladies' behavior. An older man was more likely to be averse to flightiness in a young wife than one nearer her own age. I was frightened. She saw it, and cheered me most kindly. She really spoke to me in a most friendly manner. When she kissed me at parting for the night I said, "I am so glad you do not dislike me. I thought you did. I was dreadfully afraid of you. You won't be very hard upon me, will you? I'm so young. I never was away from mamma and Susan before. Every one is strange to me." She actually shed tears and squeezed me so tight in her arms—ah! I was all but crushed.

I will make a long hiatus between the rehearsal and the actual toilette. I felt horribly nervous. I thought I looked like a cook-maid. I had never been so anxious to appear *bien mise* before. I was in a sad state of flutter. Once or twice I nearly cried. Our room at Southwood was so grand. I had never dressed for a party before without my sisters. I missed old Hester, our nurse, who used to sit in the arm-chair, and peer at us over her spectacles.

I remembered how papa held the candle whilst Susan dressed my hair, when I came out prophesying that I should get the best partner in the room. These recollections made me sad. I had fears, too, about my husband—fears which I did not like to sift from hopes. I felt sick at heart, and when my husband came in I thought he looked almost saturnine. Away with fears! Avaunt sickly shadows of evil! That was an Orphean strain! I was free this night to gather flowers once more. My husband left me with Lady Pherm to take a hand

* Dreams.

at whist with Sir Edward. He commended me to the care of my hostess. But I felt deserted. I knew I should see no more of him that night. He had often said he was not man enough to withstand short whist. Lady Pherm was a tall woman; I could scarcely hang on to her arm. Besides, she was too busy in receiving her guests to take much notice of poor little me. At that moment I saw the back of a head; it turned, I met an eye. My sense of forlornness dispersed like vapors at sunrise. Yet what ailed me! I shivered as one does in the misty morning. The next moment my arm was in his. When the fiddlers all drew their bows with one crash, I felt electrified. This splendid pageant seemed to me the realization of scenes in the halls of the Genii. The light, the hum, the glitter of chandeliers, the gleaming jewels, the perfume of flowers, that burst of music! I was bewildered—I felt enchanted. And clear, low, sweeter, and more persuasive than the music, flowed on that witching voice; and, amid the glare and crowd, I saw no eye but his. I cannot recall anything distinctly—better forget it. Even now it seems to me like magic, like a dream. One can have the fullest luxury of loneliness in a crowd. Who but one's self knows of the soft, strong pressure of one's arm against the side—who can reckon the hundred opportunities from little cares—who wits of all that is said and left unsaid when hearts glow and hands are clasped? I thought no harm, I meant none. There was none to guide me. My husband was playing whist; my *chaperone* forgot there was such a being in existence as me. I knew no one. A few gentlemen, who had been introduced to me in the beginning of the evening, danced with me. We danced together occasionally, and the whole night he hovered near me, either as my *vis-à-vis*, or he stood a little way off watching me. I danced with him the last set before supper, and, when others were promenading the room, he led me away into the beautiful conservatory. It was empty, and our lips, which had moved so fast in the crowd, grew silent under those flowers. He made me sit down, and stood so as to shelter me from the draught. I felt suddenly awkward; I wished myself away. That I might break that painful silence, I asked him if he thought I might have one of those white flowers drooping above me. He gathered a spray, but the petals fell in a shower on my face. This little incident reminded me of the laburnum on my wedding-day. I told him of it. Captain Vernon smiled, and said I was superstitious; and then his brow grew suddenly dark, and he said he could read the augury differently. He never touched a thing he loved but the curse that had blighted his life fell also upon it. Without a pause, he went on to tell me the saddest story I ever heard—of himself, too. Was it possible? Could so sharp an arrow lie buried there! He spoke with terrible emotion, yet I did not fear him. I longed to comfort him. I put my hand upon his arm and spoke soothingly to him, as if he were my friend and I his. He caught my hand so vehemently that he frightened me, and then he pointed bitterly at my wedding-ring. If the earth had yawned at my feet I could not have started in greater horror. I married! I—I don't know what I said or what he replied. I shook with agony, for I looked up and saw my husband standing in the doorway like a statue. Captain Vernon dropped my hand, and said something so light and gay to Major Lauriston that my blood curdled. I tried to move towards him; I was entangled in that white bough. The

heavy pot fell upon me, and I remember nothing more but a confused murmur and horrid faces crowding over me from which I could not escape. Everything mocked me. I clutched here and there, and every one eluded me. I saw visions of fights and jousts more terrible than anything I had ever read of, and the black faces and the fair were always glaring on each other like thunder and lightning. At last there was an end of this phantasmagoria; I was lying in the white bed at Beccesley. I tried to draw the curtain, I could not move my arm, it was swathed with bandages; but presently the soft light fell aslant my face. I looked up. My mother was leaning over me. I was too weak to weep, but, oh, the weight on my heart! She kissed me: no kiss ever lingered so lovingly as hers. I asked no question; she was there and it was enough. I only held her hand and looked at her. By degrees she told me all that had passed. I had been ill in a fever for three long, scorching weeks. The flower-pot falling on me had broken my arm. At this recital I was overpowered by a rush of remembrances. I longed to ask of *him*. My mother told me of my husband's unremitting care and watchfulness. He sat up by me night after night, the tenderest of nurses. Was I petrified? I listened coldly; all my anxiety was to know if, in my delirium, I had spoken of *him*. My mother was very grave, though kinder to me than ever. Ah, conscience makes cowards of us all! I was glad when the fat nurse came into the room, for I knew I was safe from explanation whilst she was there. It was a weary time. I felt I could never get better whilst the interview with my husband yet hung over me. One evening, when I awoke from a painful dream, I saw his shadow on the wall. A long hour passed away, and still I did not move, and he sat rigid as marble. I could bear it no longer. I called him, yet, when he stood over me, I could not meet his eye. I hid my face in the bed clothes, but he lifted up my head. I said, bitterly—

"I thought you were gone home. I thought you had forgotten me."

I started at his hollow tone as he said—

"I would have come before if you had expressed a wish. This is not the first time I have watched you sleeping."

Every word struck home like a dagger. I cried in agony, "Forgive! forgive!" and I was forgiven. I knew it by the few hot tears, and the throes of the heart to which I was clenched. But I could not meet this deep revelation of love. I slid from his arms; and he said in the calmness of despair—

"And you *cannot* love me: I should have foreseen this. I have made a great mistake. It was cruel to take you to myself. How could I expect you to love me?"

He sat down; and I knew he was weeping. Then I thought in my own mind that this was a hopeless matter. I assented to the truth of every word he had uttered. So I said at last—

"We *have* made a mistake. I am not a fit wife for you. (Here I could scarcely speak for sobs.) You desire to be loved. Send me away. Send me home. I can make *them* happy. You and I shall only break each other's hearts."

It was a long while before he answered me. At last he said—

"Better that I should break your heart than that I should live to know you to be a miserable, despised object. Rose, God knows I repent of

having blighted your young life. I own it; it will break mine, perhaps, to part with you. I had hoped — still, if your parents think it for your good to take you from me, well, I resign you."

He rose up.

"This must not be done hastily," he continued; "it must be weighed. I feel I should be flinging you to destruction if I suffered you to go. I am the last person in this matter to advise you. Yet think, you will still be my wife; I, still your husband. Think, Rose, what a load of responsibility we each incur for the other, if we sunder whom God has joined."

For some days I was crushed. I listened to all my mother had said for and against a separation. I saw that she reproached herself for having suffered me, so young and giddy, to bind myself forever. But I gave her no comfort. I was too miserable to think, beyond a passing moment, of any one but myself. I should be ashamed to confess the conflicting tides that raged in my heart. I could decidedly say, I did not love Major Lauriston. Alas! I know now what the first love of youth might be. I must have been a sad spectacle to any one who cared for me. I told them to settle it all their own way. I used to think bitterly during the long autumn evenings of the conferences below stairs. I could see Mrs. Bannister deliberately setting every one right. Mr. Bannister, at the pauses, throwing in a kind word for me! My husband did not allude to the subject. He looked very ill; but he was most indulgently kind to me. I sunk abashed before his generous silence. Indeed, I was left almost wholly to my own thoughts, for I dared not open my heart to my mother. I could not discover how much she knew, or what in my illness I might have said. This uncertainty sealed my lips. I supposed they were awaiting my father's opinion and consent; but I asked no question. If Mrs. Bannister ever came into my room, it was to bring me a jelly or a book, or to convey fruit, flowers, and kind messages, from her husband. She was cold and distant. The girls I never saw, (N.B. no loss that.) One day, in very weariness, I sent Ellis down for the newspaper; I was tired of my sister-in-law's prosaic books. The first words that met my eye seemed to choke the life out of my heart: "Married at Gretna Green, October 2d, Captain Frederick Reginald Vernon to Ellinora, the only daughter and sole heiress of Sir John Hope, Bart., late of Spanish Town, Jamaica." I read the sentence till the letters spun round me. I sat with the paper in my hand, recalling every word of that secret history which he had told me in the conservatory. He had warned me of this engagement. He said the debts he had unwarily contracted had led him to seek to extricate himself from difficulties by a mercenary marriage; but did he not swear to *rot in gaol*

rather than with his own hand to seal his doom! He said we should love on in secret, and wait if yet we might love in honor. What was the use of dwelling on his perjured words! Yet they rang in my ears. Then I saw as by a flash how I had been caught back from an abyss. Separation! What did it signify where I lived, or with whom! And I thought of my vows, and that I stood before my husband more guilty and perjured than that false one before me. Presently my husband came up. I sat still, holding the paper. He glanced at me, and said hurriedly—

"Who brought you that?"

"Ellis," I answered, without moving a muscle.

"Rose," but I could not look at him. He held out his arms, and again murmured "Rose." I rushed into his embrace. I poured out my heart into his bosom. I forgot that it was him whom I had offended. I only felt my own desolation and his sympathy. I laid bare my very soul before him. When I grew calmer, and could lie still on his shoulder, he told me in broken whispers of a bitter disappointment that had saddened his early life, how it had withered his youth, and made him in his manhood a stern, harsh being. How, when he saw me, he felt the long-benumbed life in his heart spring up again; how he had brightened himself with the hope of winning my love, as a blessing that was to outshine the darkness of early unhappiness. He broke off suddenly, and said in a low voice—

"Your father is down-stairs, I came up to say he wished to speak to you."

I started up. I knew then, that a gulf yawned between me and my best friend.

"Rose!"

At that word I knelt by his side, and laid my face in his hand. He clasped me close, and said—

"We must comfort one another. We must strengthen each other. Need we part?"

That day fortnight we packed into the yellow barouche, and started for Cornwall (West Barbary, as my brother-in-law called it.) My parting with the worthies at Beccesley was heartier and warmer than my greeting.

"You'll sing 'John Anderson my joe,' now, before the year is out, I'll bet sixpence," said Mr. Bannister, flinging a rose-bud at me, as Lauriston arranged my cloak.

The tears had blinded me: so far the omen had been a true one. And the flowers!

Patience, 't is the true conjugal virtue. Yes, it is tea-time. Here is the urn. He has had a comfortable nap. My husband loves punctuality. In a second the clock will strike. Meanwhile away with the portfolio; and my first visit home must float in *nubibus* till my Goodman's next evening nap. And then—and then—

From the Dumfries Courier.

WINTER AND WANT.

THE meal's gettin' dear, and the 'tatties are bad—
The coals, too, are high, and whiles nane to be had
The winter's approachin', wi' could an' wi' sna'—
How we'll e'er warstle thro' it we kenna ava.

Oh! it's ill times for us when a' things grow dear,
As the days become short, the nights could an' clear;
The keen blasts o' winter come through our thin claes,
And the dearth o' a' comforts brings plenty o' waes.

Now our fren's write us frae the far distant west,
That wi' a fine simmer they've been highly blest;

Their craps ha'e been rich, they ha'e rowth o' gude
wheat,

An' only want markets for what they'll no eat.

Oh it may be the law, but it canna be richt,
That we should be starved when there's food in our
sight;

If the meal's gude and cheap, it's but little we heed
What lan' it's been grown in, what han' saw'd the
seed.

The Lords o' the State an' the Lords o' the Lan',
Maun eat in their words and gi'e up their ain plan;
They wad fain be consistent an' keep up the rent,
But we'll no to please them thole a winter o' Lent.

From Mr. Walsh's letter of the 14th November, to the National Intelligencer.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

MEXICO—LA PLATA—TURKEY—ANATOMICAL MUSEUM AT PARIS.

THE London whig oracles labor to surpass the tory in their hostilities on American institutions and character. It is felt on both sides of the channel that American republican power has increased and is increasing, and the common doctrine naturally is that it ought to be diminished, at least in its influence on the mind of Europe. An editorial article of the London Globe, the bitterest, the most abusive possible, corresponds in topics and design to the effusions of Professor Chevalier. I send it you as a specimen of vituperation not to be transcended. Your attention has been already called to the letters of the correspondent in the city of Mexico of the London Times. The latest communication from him, dated —, deserves a serious perusal, like the foregoing, on the head of the relations, views, and prospects between Mexico and the United States—accept a curious extract :

"The United States are determined to have the Rio Bravo and the 37th parallel to the Pacific; and they will have them, unless England interferes for the protection of the mining districts of Mexico and the ports on the Pacific.

"In the opinion of many the existence as a nation of Mexico is hastening to its termination; and, as far as I can see, no great man appears who is equal to the regeneration of the republic. The government is powerless even in the capital; the departments barely hold on the central state; there is no population to till the finest soil in the world, and riches above and below ground remain unexplored for want of intelligence and hands to work them. If England will not interfere the doom of Mexico is sealed, and in the course of a few years it must be incorporated with the United States. The government and people of the United States entertain no doubt on this subject. They say that they do not interfere in the affairs of Europe, and that they are determined no European power shall interfere with them in the affairs of the new world. By aggression, annexation, or conquest, they are resolved on enticing all Mexico, down to the Isthmus, within the Union; and, come what may, that end must sooner or later be accomplished. I am fully aware of the danger to which the monetary circulation of Europe will be exposed when the silver districts of Mexico are under the control of the American congress, and of the imprudence of our permitting a naval power like that of the United States to become the richest nation in the world; but I cannot help admitting, at the same time, that, if Great Britain will not interfere, the general good of humanity must be advanced by the annexation of this country to the American Union. The tide of emigration will, instead of flowing directly, take the current of the United States, and even millions of English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants can pass through American ports to fix as settlers in this land of milk and honey. The wretched Indian race must give way before the influx of a white population, and myriads of acres now untilld will teem with wealth and abundance. The climate is magnificent except on the coast, and in particular districts fever does not appear. Every European production can be raised; and I may say there is room for all the emigration that can be poured in a quarter of a century from

the British isles. The next good to the British occupation of Mexico is its incorporation with the United States. We shall find when it takes place immediate employment for our poor, a consumption of British manufactures spread over this great continent, the dispensation of the English language and English feelings over an almost boundless territory. We must, in short, make up our minds to this result, and happy will it be for the common interests of humanity, unless Great Britain should take the matter directly into her own hands, alarmed at the growing power of the United States, and their dominion over the mining districts from which our monetary circulation is furnished, when it is accomplished."

The British and French intervention, or war, in the Rio de la Plata, continues to be handled without reserve, and with thorough knowledge, by the London Morning Chronicle. British merchants and manufacturers suffer great present loss and vexation. The Chronicle's maxims might be applied to much intervention, of another kind, elsewhere :

"It has been attempted to justify our measures on the score of humanity. But true humanity, before acting, would inquire first whether its interference was likely to do most good or harm. It is a spurious humanity which seeks only to glorify itself, without caring for results."

You have in my budget of printed extracts British reports from Constantinople of the recent peremptory demands of the French ambassador in relation to events and persons in the Lebanon. The *Journal des Débats* of this day exults in the final though reluctant assent of the Sublime Porte, and explains the special interposition by a special traditional right and duty of protection of the foreigners who were ordered by the Porte's commissioner to leave the mountain until a system of Turkish administration should be completely organized. When one of the Five Powers deems it expedient to hector the Porte, the others concur or acquiesce, in order to have their turn; *hanc veniam damus, petimusque vicissim*. Ever and anon, each plays the dictator. They show that, by the famous phrase integrity of the Ottoman empire, they did not understand its independence on any one of them, in any joint or several concern. The appointment of Reschid Pacha as minister of foreign affairs affords also a subject of elation to the French politicians. He is now, and has long been, the ambassador of Turkey in this capital; his French attachments are supposed to be strong. The *Journal des Débats* proclaims at once that he is the best disposed and informed, and on the whole the most capable to guide his country in the road of civilization.

The new museum of comparative anatomy, formed by the Paris Faculty of Medicine, is described as a magnificent creation—a perfect gallery in location, selection, arrangement—equal to any other of the kind, not excepting the Hunter Museum. We have, in this capital, a very numerous *Medical Congress*, whose proceedings attract more notice than those of any other professional assemblage ever held in France could obtain. The first sittings were boisterous, and otherwise disorderly; doctors will not merely disagree, but sometimes commit fisticuffs. It is a body of very respectable appearance, and contains a more than common proportion of able speakers. All the main questions relating to the practice of medicine and surgery, to pharmacy and the veter-

inary art, have been under the widest and most zealous consideration. The minister of public instruction has occasionally attended, and will profit by the lights of the congress for the better preparation of the bill of "Medical Organization," which he intends to present to the chambers. Your American Faculty will find matter worthy of their heed in the report of the permanent committee of the congress, respecting its nature, design, and probable results. The programme of the questions which have been offered for solution occupies more than eight quarto pages. The Gazette of the civil and military hospitals is the official organ, but abstracts of the transactions of each day are furnished in nearly all the political and literary journals. There are few French scientific authors more profound and distinguished than the president, Manuel Serres.

French Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

RIVALRY BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

In their official language, the cabinets of Paris and London always employ towards each other the most polite and friendly expressions. They speak of their *good understanding*, their *cordial agreement*, their *intimate alliance*, and give out that peace between the two countries is settled on the most solid basis. All these fair words are mere diplomatic forms, to which it would be silly to give much weight. I believe that the two principal statesmen who direct public affairs on each side of the straits, Mr. Guizot and Sir Robert Peel, wish sincerely to keep up this alliance; here they concentrate all their hopes for the government and for their personal fame; both have made, more than once, great sacrifices to remove subjects of animosity, and no doubt they will continue to act in this same spirit, so long as events of greater importance do not arise to defeat all their calculations. With them it is a question of parliamentary life. But the impartial observer, who examines narrowly either the feelings of the nation, or the interests of the two governments, is not deceived by this apparent union. At bottom there exists a constant rivalry—rivalry of position, of political influence, of commercial interests; and behind these protestations of an indissoluble peace, are to be found distrust, mutual uneasiness, jealousy and preparation for a state of war.

The rivalry between France and England is often said to be like that formerly between Rome and Carthage. There is indeed some resemblance. The Carthaginians had the preponderance at sea and enriched themselves by commerce; the Romans had a warlike spirit, love of brilliant and remote adventures, invincible bravery and unbounded ambition. But the comparison does not hold throughout. The Romans finally crushed the Carthaginians; they fought them at sea as well as on land; while the French have seen their power decrease rather than augment, in the late wars against their illustrious rival.

I here touch the sorest spot of France, and I point to the chief cause of the hatred against England. Our countrymen cannot forget that it was the cabinet of London, under the direction of William Pitt and his successors, who incited, supplied with money, and encouraged all the coalitions of Europe against the French republic and against Napoleon. They cannot forget that they lost the last decisive battle, nor the insolence with which their triumph was boasted by the con-

querors of Waterloo. The French feel painfully, without being willing to confess it, that England holds now the first rank in the world, and that their country occupies only the second. This explains why they are so quickly irritated, when the English government says a single word that seems disrespectful or insulting. Nations conscious of their own ascendancy have not so much sensitiveness; they reckon more upon the fear which they inspire, and can bear petty slights, because they know that, at the proper moment, they will be able to avenge themselves. But France, voluntarily, or involuntarily, feels her political inferiority by the side of England; the remembrance of Waterloo, and of the misfortunes of 1815, press heavily upon her, so that she cannot forgive the English government any incivility, but is ready to take up arms to wipe away her disgrace.

Such is the real state of things. The visit of Queen Victoria to France, and that of Louis Philippe to England have made no change. These are mere marks of courtesy between two crowned heads; the national feeling remains the same between the two countries. The French have not forgotten the conduct of the cabinet of London in the month of July, 1840, when Lord Palmerston, without the cognizance of France, signed a treaty with the other three great powers of Europe. This was a plain act of treachery, and placed our country in the sad alternative of either renewing war against all Europe, or of submitting to the humiliation. After making just complaints, our government was forced to remain a quiet spectator of the execution of the treaty. This fact has deeply irritated the minds of the French. Do not believe the diplomatic notes, or official letters which assert that the alliance between the two nations is perfectly restored. No, it is not so; the remembrance of England's treachery, in 1840, is not effaced!

Further, the rivalry of interests and aims between France and Great Britain appears in various parts of the globe. Everywhere these two powers have separate aims and views. Look first in the east. France would wish to increase the power of the pasha of Egypt and give him a larger territory; England, on the contrary, tries to diminish the pasha's authority in order to strengthen the sultan of Constantinople. The same in Greece; France would wish to place on a broader basis the independence of the Greeks; England objects; she constantly strives to enfeeble Greece at home and abroad.

Another subject of conflict exists in the east. France has been accustomed since the times of the crusades to be the protectress of Christians subjected to the Mussulman domination; but England disputes with her now this privilege; she interferes in Syria, in Servia, in the valleys of Libanus, wherever there are Christians who claim the assistance of Europe; and as the English ambassador has more credit at Constantinople than the French ambassador, it follows that the right of protection is gradually passing into the hands of Great Britain. Our political orators have often reproached Mr. Guizot on this account, but can he prevent a result which is in the nature of things? In Spain, the rivalry between France and England is equally striking, especially in the question of the marriage of the young Queen Isabella. Louis Philippe would wish to give one of his sons as her husband; the cabinet of London is distinctly opposed to it, and

declare it would be an *occasion of war*. The French government, on its side, positively refuses to consent that the queen of Spain should marry a prince of the family of Coburg, or any other foreigner; it requires that the husband of Isabella be a member of the family of Bourbons. The debate is far from being ended. The English ambassador at Madrid courts the support of the ultraists; the ambassador of France favors the moderate party. Who knows whether torrents of blood will not flow yet before this poor little queen is able to choose a husband!

The two governments also encounter each other in Africa. The English government has never officially sanctioned our conquest of Algiers. Political motives have prevented their requesting France to evacuate this colony. Louis Philippe could not consent without instantly losing his throne; but England has been very careful not to accredit directly her consuls before the French authorities of Algiers; she employs various subterfuges to elude this obligation and reserves the right to maintain that she never has recognized our conquest.

Last year, when war broke out between our country and Morocco, the English showed in every way their ill-humor. They furnished arms and ammunition to our enemies, sent a squadron to watch the movements of our fleet, and made so many remonstrances that the cabinet of Paris signed a hasty peace.

In America itself, France and England are far from pursuing the same path and the same end. It is the interest of France that the United States increase in power and prosperity, because the American navy, joined to ours, would counterbalance the British marine. It is, on the contrary, the interest of England to check the political and commercial growth of the United States, lest she should lose Canada and her other colonies. The cabinet of London is opposed to the annexation of Texas, but France views it with pleasure, though Mr. Guizot has held language in opposition to it before the national legislature.

Thus in almost all points of the globe, and on many questions, like that of the right of search, the two nations are at more or less open variance. What must be the inference! Not that war will break out to-morrow, or in a week, or a year, between France and England; for there is so much risk to run, so many misfortunes to fear, so many ties to break, that each would hesitate a long time before coming to blows, though the French secretly desire to enter again upon the field of battle. But what we must infer from all these facts is, that the alliance of the two nations is very insecure. A single spark would suffice, should the public mind be once exasperated, should the governments lack prudence, to kindle a vast conflagration.

A considerable part of France would prefer a close alliance with Russia to that of England. It is said that Count Mole, who was prime minister for several years, favors this idea. But another difficulty occurs:—the opposition of political principles. How could a free country like ours unite in close ties with the tyrant of Muscovy, the executioner of Poland, with a prince who shows the most violent hatred against the constitutions of modern democracy! Such a union would be unnatural. With England we have at least an agreement in principles, if we differ in interests;

with Russia, we could only form a monstrous and consequently an ephemeral alliance.

Time will decide the question. All the friends of civilization and liberty must wish that France and England would march together cordially, and have no other contention than which should be most devoted to the great interests of mankind.

LOUIS XVIII. AND PRINCE TALLEYRAND.—Talleyrand continued to hold the situation of Grand Chamberlain during the reign of the restored family. He was not a favorite at the Tuileries, where he went every day through etiquette to fulfil his office, standing behind the king's chair with admirable punctuality; and he was received with great coolness by Louis XVIII. Charles X. was more kindly disposed towards everybody, and occasionally entered politely into conversation with him on some trifling subject. He also performed his duties at the *diners d'apparat*. The king was seated at table, the grand chamberlain occupying a small chair at a little distance, and while Louis was discussing a pheasant, or other game, with an excellent appetite, Talleyrand dipped a biscuit into old Madeira wine. It was a scene of considerable interest, and used to pass in the most profound silence. Every now and then the king would look fixedly at the grand chamberlain with a sneering expression of countenance, while the latter, with his impassibility, so coarsely defined by Marshal Lannes, would go on soaking his biscuit and slowly sipping his Madeira, with a look of respectful deference towards the king, his master. Not a word was addressed by the sovereign to the chamberlain during the short repast, after which Talleyrand used to resume his place behind the king's chair in a cold, ceremonious manner, that reminded one of the statue *Festin de Pierre*, only with this difference, that the grand chamberlain's mind was filled with the most inveterate hatred, a feeling which he extended to all the members of the royal family.—*M. Capefigue's Diplomats of Europe.*

CAMBRICS.—It is seldom that we have copied into our paper a more gratifying statement than the following, which we take from the *Belfast News Letter*. We look upon the fact which it records as one of the pleasant "signs of the times."—"An improved fabric, made from the best qualities of home grown flax—denominated 'the golden flax'—has gained the first prizes, both for cambric and cambric handkerchiefs, at the present November meeting of the Flax Improvement Society of Ireland. We notice this, in connection with the following summary of facts, detailed in the valuable work by Dr. Kane on the 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' which fully goes to prove the vast importance of this branch of our industry. We find it therein stated, that, near to Warringstown, three statute acres of land produced no less in quality than 109 stones of flax, value £75; the produce of this field was sold to an eminent factory in the neighborhood, (the very same that has turned out the present prize webs,) for 15s. per stone; this flax, in the process of conversion into cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, will give constant employment for 12 months to about 217 persons, whose wages amount to £2217 6s. 8d. Adding £75 for the flax, you arrive at a value of £2292 6s. 8d., the elements of which sprang from about 1a. 3r. 16p. of land, Irish measure, and the entire when finished will yield a very remunerating profit to the manufacturer! The operatives seem fully alive to their interest in this manufacture; several hundreds of them, accompanied with bands of music, met the successful weavers returning from the exhibition, and conducted them in triumph through Lurgan, and the village of Warringstown was illuminated on the occasion."

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"THE Duke of Wellington an orator! He who never uttered two consecutive sentences without hesitation; who exhibits a hardy contempt for all the graces of language and style; and in whom the faculty of imagination, if it ever existed in his mind, has been dormant for half a century! Do you mean seriously to class him as an orator?"

This would be a very natural question if it were admitted that oratory is a merely extrinsic and superficial art, aiming at skill in the choice of words and the shaping of sentences, and trusting for its hold on the human mind rather to the vehicle in which the thought is conveyed than to the truth or force of the thought itself. But there are degrees and classes of oratory as there are of poetry. The chief object of oratory is to persuade or convince, to bring the mind of the hearer into agreement and cooperation with that of the speaker; and this is often effected with success in proportion to the sincerity and straight-forwardness brought to bear on the task. Some of the most effective and influential speakers have been men who never received any regular training to the art of elocution, and among these a place may be claimed for the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke of Wellington's mind is so constituted as to render it impossible for him to make use of those arts by which public speakers usually seek to influence their audiences. In this sense of the term, he could not be an orator if he would. He has no idea of separating his subject from himself, of looking at it in its external bearings without reference to his own views. He cannot, as such men as Lord Brougham or Lord Lyndhurst would, view it as a theme for the exercise of his intellectual ingenuity. He has no idea of design or of coloring; does not look at it with the eye of an artist, studying what will best conduce to a grand effect, or where the light and shade are to be thrown in. He never thinks of preparing exordiums or perorations, or of attenuating parts of his discourse that the strong points may seem stronger. He never plays with a question. Politics are with him a serious reality, not a mere game. Nor are they a passion, as with men of warmer temperament; they are rather part of a grave duty, to be dealt with not from choice, but because his position in the country requires that he should be mixed up with them. He never speaks for the sake of display, apparently having no vanity of that sort. Whenever he rises to address the House, it is because necessity compels him—because the debate would be incomplete until the most distinguished man of his time had delivered his sentiments.

Being thus obliged to speak, he says no more than the occasion absolutely requires. He gives utterance to the real sentiments of his mind, the unbiassed conclusions suggested by a cool head and an almost unparalleled experience. You can see at once that this is done without effort, and above all, without any desire for effect. It is a labor of duty, not of love. It is not sought by him, yet he is ready when called on. Having said his say, he seems relieved of an unpleasant load, and sits down abruptly as he rose, indifferent whether what he has delivered has pleased or displeased his audience. These, it is quite unnecessary to say, are not the characteristics of a professed orator, in the common acceptance of the term.

Yet the Duke will produce, on the floor of the House of Lords, as startling and, perchance, a more permanent effect, than the most ingenious and eloquent of them all.

The agencies by which his influence works on the legislature and the public are of a far higher order. Look at the moral weight he brings with him. With a reputation already historical, what man of the day, be he even the greatest, can command the respect which his mere presence inspires! It may seem a trifle, but it is one pregnant with deep meaning, that the only individual in this country except the members of the royal family, to whom all men, the highest and the lowest, uncover themselves on the public highway, is the Duke of Wellington. If the vulgar, the indifferent, the triflers, the ignorant, pay this homage to him where no homage is due to any man, shall not the same sentiment prevail within the walls of the House of Lords, among those whose privileges and social preëminence rest upon hereditary gratitude?

The Duke of Wellington, in his place in the House of Lords, stands apart from, and above, all the other peers. There may be men of more ancient lineage, there are certainly men of more commanding and brilliant talents of the sort that captivate an assembly, whether composed of the high or the low: but he transcends them all in the possession of that power which acts on a voluntary intellectual submission. Plain, unpretending, feeble, venerable, as he is, he seems encircled by an atmosphere of glory. All physical defects, all the infirmities of age, are lost in the light of his great fame. He seems already to belong to the past, and to speak with its authority. Often oracular in his denunciations and in his decisions, strange to say, those who hear him seem to believe that he is so.

And it is not among pigmies that he is thus morally a giant. The deference and respect paid the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords come from men of the highest order of minds. Political differences or personal vanities, neither of them interpose any obstacle to its free expression. Powerful and successful orators and statesmen, aristocratic demagogues, grave lawyers, and erratic law-givers, whatever may be their mutual jealousies or their customary arrogance, all yield at once to his moral supremacy. The man of the present day who stands next to him in the extent, if not the quality of his fame, he who is distinguished among his contemporaries not more for his parliamentary and political successes than for his mental and moral insubordination—he, too, ostentatiously proclaims himself the devoted admirer and follower of the Duke of Wellington. The homage is too universal not to be sincere.

It is this moral weight or influence that gives to the public speaking of the Duke of Wellington its chief characteristics. He can speak with an authority which no other man would dare to assume, and which, if assumed by any other man, would not be submitted to. For the same reason he can dispense with all that explanation and apology which so often renders the speeches of other men ridiculous. He has no need of a hypocritical humility or an affected desire of abstinence from that great necessity of politicians—speech-making. He knows both that he is expected to speak and that what he has to say will be held to be of value. He knows that no decision will be come to till he has been heard, and that the chances are in favor of his opinion prevailing even with those opposed

to him, unless the current of political feeling should happen at the time to run very strong indeed. These encumbrances of ordinary speakers being cast aside, the Duke can afford to run at once full tilt at the real question in dispute. To see him stripping the subject of all extraneous and unnecessary adjuncts until he exposes it to his hearers in its real and natural proportions is a very rich treat. He scents a fallacy afar off, and hunts it down at once without mercy. He has certain constitutional principles which with him are real standards. He measures propositions or opinions by these standards, and as they come up to the mark or fall short of it, so are they accepted or disposed of. Sometimes, but rarely, he carries this inflexible system too far, and has afterwards to retract; but it is remarkable for a man who has wielded such authority, who has been accustomed to implicit deference for so many years, and whose mental organization is so stern and steadfast, how few prejudices he has. Even these will always yield to necessity, often to reason. If he becomes dogmatical, the fault is less his than of those who lead him into this natural error, when their respect deters them from even reminding him that he is fallible.

Self-reliance and singleness of purpose induce vigor of thought and simplicity of diction. This simplicity, which is not confined to the language only, but extends to the operation of the mind, is unique. You meet nothing like it in any other man now before the public. There is a vigorous economy of both thoughts and words. As a speaker and as a general, the Duke equally disencumbers himself of unnecessary agents. He is as little fond of rhetorical flourishes or declamatory arts as he was of useless troops. Every word does its work. Simple, sound, sterling Saxon, he seems to choose by instinct, as hitting hardest with least show. Sometimes his self-reliance and simplicity degenerate into an abruptness almost rude. Then the simplicity would almost appear affected, but that the Duke is wholly incapable of that culpable weakness. Those curt notes of his to people whom he conceives to be in any way intrusive, or who say or do what does not square with his rigid notions of etiquette, are often more amusing than dignified. Still they are strictly characteristic, and are only eccentric evidences of that spirit which makes the Duke in his parliamentary career mark out a course for himself, and, having once persuaded himself that it is right, adhere to it with almost obstinate perseverance.

In attributing to the Duke this simplicity of thought and language, it is not intended to imply any narrowness or feebleness of intellect. A plainness and simplicity there is, in dress, in manners, in style of thought, in expression, which might warrant a superficial observer, knowing nothing (if that be possible) of the life and services of the man, in such an assumption. He would be apt to set the Duke down as a well-meaning, prejudiced, honest, dogmatical, and very impracticable old man, whom you would treat with respect on account of his years, but whom you would on no account allow to meddle in your affairs. But all this is external only. The readers of the Duke's despatches need not be told this. They exhibit proofs of a highly toned and admirably regulated mind. High honor, inflexibility, sagacity, instinctive knowledge of human nature even at an early age, a capacity for the grandest designs and most en-

larged views, combined with a readiness for the most minute of military affairs,—these are to be found on every page of those extraordinary productions.

Similar qualities have developed themselves in the Duke's political career. He clings to the great principles of the constitution with a tenacity which has the best effect on contemporary statesmen. His sagacity is the result of a most enlarged experience. With all his apparent simplicity and rigidity, no man more thoroughly keeps pace with his age than the Duke of Wellington. He unites great shrewdness of perception and readiness of observation with a disposition steadfastly to adhere to what is, rather than to yield to what has not been tried. If he rarely rejects a theory, he as rarely adopts one, because it is new. He is not fond of theories, except those which the past and the experience of long practice have sanctioned. He individualizes everything as much as he can. He prefers a small benefit that is specific and real to the most magnificent promises. The chief characteristic of his mind is common sense; but it is of a very uncommon sort. It becomes a kind of practical philosophy. He requires so much per cent. deposit for every share in the joint stock of modern wisdom. Perhaps he sometimes pushes these peculiarities too far. The prejudices of so powerful a man may sometimes become a great national obstruction. But, on the other hand, it is well that there should be some men with fixed ideas, to prevent the moral world flying off out of its appointed orbit.

It is the moral influence of the Duke of Wellington, and the position in the country which his great services have secured for him, that render him so influential a speaker in the House of Lords. It is felt that his speeches are not merely made for a party purpose, but that they embody the experience of a life. His sincerity and the reliance you have on his sagacity compensate for the absence of those graces of style and manner, and that choice of language which are expected from a public speaker. He usually sits in a state of abstraction—his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, his legs stretched out. He seems to be asleep; but, in a very few moments, he shows that he has not been an inattentive observer of the debate. He suddenly starts up, advances (sometimes with faltering steps, from his advanced age) to the table, and, without preface or preliminary statement, dashes at once at the real question in dispute. The keenness with which he detects it, and the perseverance of his pursuit, are remarkable proofs of the unimpaired vigor of his understanding. Even with all the physical feebleness which might be expected at his years, he entirely fills the house while he speaks. His utterance is very indistinct; yet by a strong effort of the will he makes himself clearly heard and understood, even though to do so he may have to repeat whole portions of sentences. Not a point of the discourse escapes him; and the most vigorous debater often finds the weakness of his argument, however cleverly masked, suddenly detected and exposed. Some of the short, terse, pointed sentences, fall with a force on the house the more remarkable for the contrast of the matter with the manner. The speeches as a whole, though always extremely brief in comparison with those of more elaborate debaters, strike the hearer with surprise for their sustained tone, the consistency of their argument, and a kind of natural symmetry, the necessary con-

sequen
neous c
mined
Of th
ton it i
sure w
with n
with a
which
terity
butabl
ner of
revolu
which
ful per
ultima
that th
menec
above
theref
vious

DEA
Trans

W
tentat
was c
ciple
choos
sors
phan
irres
para
and
haus
secre
year
ble t
of th
prid
ligh
he s
of h
line
gon
will
with
sica
the

iron
nen
ran
nim
tem
wis
lie
eve
eve
fir
no
str
sel
de
se
an
ki

sequence of their being the sincere and spontaneous development of a strong mind and a determined purpose.

Of the political career of the Duke of Wellington it is not desirable to speak where praise or censure would alike savor of presumption. He shares with most of the great men of the day, and with Sir Robert Peel in particular, the blame which it is usual to attach to inconsistency. Posterity will decide on the degree of turpitude attributable to the statesmen of this age, for their manner of guiding the country peaceably through a revolution in opinion and legislation, to attain which would have cost other nations all the frightful penalties of civil strife. Whatever may be the ultimate decision, it will no doubt be borne in mind that the Duke of Wellington, from the very commencement of his active political career, stood above the temptations of ordinary ambition, and is, therefore, exempt from the more ordinary and obvious grounds of reproach.

From the Union.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF TALLEYRAND.

Translated from Blanc's History of the First Ten Years of the Reign of Louis Philippe.

WE have described Mr. de Talleyrand—his ostentatious vanity in evil. But his impassibility was only a mask. As contempt for men and principles constituted a school in his parlor, he did not choose to lose the benefit of the shameful professorship, and he was careful only to appear triumphant and scornful. At bottom he was uneasy, irresolute, humble, and tormented with sadness; parading immorality not suiting a powerful nature, and energetic perverseness, he wretchedly exhausted himself by it. Testimony long kept secret, but unquestionable, proves that, in the last years of his life, meditation was bitter, insupportable to him. Abandoned to himself in the silence of the night, he fell from the height of his factitious pride into inexpressible dejection; and by the light of a lamp, which lit the solitude of his vigils, he sometimes traced lines which show the tumult of his thoughts and the faintness of his spirits—lines, for instance, like these: "Eighty-three years gone! What cares! What agitation! What ill-will inspired! What vexatious complication! And without any other result than great moral and physical fatigue, and a profound feeling of despair for the future, of disgust at the past."

Thus, under his icy forehead, the perpetual irony of his look, the calm carriage, and the permanence of his apparent happiness, Mr. de Talleyrand concealed a life full of struggles and pusillanimity. On the scene, he made a display of contempt for virtue. But he had the cynicism of wickedness without its courage. He did not believe even in his own skepticism; he had not faith even in his own immorality; so that in this man, everything was false, even his vices.

If we are to believe some devout personages, the first communion of the daughter of Madame de Dino, marked the life of Mr. de Talleyrand in a strange and decisive manner; and he suffered himself to be touched to an extraordinary degree by the sight of the piety of a young girl whom he tenderly loved. What is certain, is, that Mademoiselle Pauline de Dino was uncommonly devout, and, on the part of her great uncle, the object of a kind of worship. Besides Mr. de Talleyrand had

a weakness of character scarcely creditable; and no one was more fit than he to be governed by a child. It was on these grounds that they went to work, preparing that of his conversion.

The importance to the priests of such a conversion may be imagined! Those among them who were animated by a sincere zeal for religion, must have rejoiced at it, as at a holy conquest; the others saw in it a homage rendered to their empire, an unparalleled humiliation inflicted on the Voltaire party, the proof, in short, that catholicism has a paramount right over the two extremes of man's existence—over birth and over death. Furthermore, the former archbishop of Paris, the cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord, had especially recommended the conversion of his nephew to M. de Quelen, whom, in this view, he desired to have for his successor.

The interest of the church was wonderfully served by the Duchess of Dino. The daughter of the Duke of Courland, and born consequently in the vicinage of thrones, she had long exercised the double power of wit and beauty. But one lasts longer than the other, and whether she wished, by a change of habits, to grow young again, or that the attractions of the too bourgeois court of Louis Philippe had exhausted her aristocratic disgust, she began to sigh after the faubourg St. Germain. In vain Mr. Thiers and the new men frequently represented to her how improbable the reconciliation was, the hope of which tempted her, and that she never would find elsewhere what she was about to lose in removing from Mr. de Talleyrand's circle—that is to say, the pleasure of influencing affairs, and that of having people of intelligence for courtiers. She persisted. Now she believed—and this belief being associated with religious sentiments, had, without doubt, become dearer to her—she believed that her peace with the faubourg St. Germain would be made the day on which she should get from Mr. de Talleyrand a public disavowal of the past. At all events, she succeeded by this in flattering the queen. And the enterprise had nothing chimerical about it; for the Duchess of Dino controlled her uncle's will irresistibly, endowed, as she was, with lively intelligence and charming wit.

So Mr. de Talleyrand began his own self-examination, although he was careful not to let anything of it appear to such of his friends who, like Messieurs Montrand, Thiers and Mignet, would have a right to be surprised at it. During the year which preceded his death, he often asked his librarian for pious books; and we have read, traced with pencil in his hand, on a little piece of paper, the following indication: "*The Christian religion studied in the true spirit of its maxims.*" At last came the state of moral inertia when a man no longer suffices to himself, and, seeing the phantoms of his heart rise up around him, he resolved to call a priest. He addressed himself to the Abbé Dupauloup—not yet attacked by the malady under which he was to sink, but extreme age bringing death near to him.

The Abbé Dupauloup felt extreme repugnance for Mr. de Talleyrand. When invited to dinner, he at first declined; but on the invitation of the Archbishop of Paris, he found it necessary to accommodate himself to relations, evidently profitable to the church—agitated, nevertheless, by a secret uneasiness. Was it not to be feared that Mr. de Talleyrand's conversion was a cruel mystification prepared by his impiety, and a last farce auda-

ciously acted on the verge of the grave! Was not everything possible to a dissimulation that was one of the great scandals of history! Trembling lest he should be duped, the Abbé Dupauloup would willingly have provoked an outbreak, which might clear up his doubts. But Mr. de Talleyrand's exquisite politeness disarmed him. He determined, therefore, to write him a letter, which, recalling recollections of religion and of the priesthood, should be of a nature to draw from Mr. de Talleyrand a peremptory answer. Mr. de Talleyrand did answer, and the answer opened with this sentence: "The recollections which you invoke, M. Abbé, are all very dear to me, and I thank you for having divined the place which they have preserved in my thoughts, and in my heart." The relations between the prince and the Abbé Dupauloup continued, religion being the basis of their conversations; and such was the uncertainty of mind of the man who passed for the patriarch of incredulity, that he suffered himself to be insensibly led not only to the idea of complying with his religious duties, but, besides, to that of publicly abjuring his own life, which he did in a declaration addressed to the pope, and which was submitted to the Archbishop of Paris. The prince there confessed his errors, with a trembling humility, only there was one which he tried to excuse. The Archbishop of Paris would have no restriction, and made modifications in the act, to which Mr. de Talleyrand resigned himself, so much was he subdued and tamed!

Meantime he had just been attacked with a mortal illness, and the news of what passed within already betrayed itself, though vaguely, without. This was, for the worldly portion of those who surrounded the prince, a subject of inexpressible surprise and pain. That Mr. de Talleyrand should have made religion intervene between his farewell to life and the ordinary practices of worship, such men as Messieurs Thiers and Mignet could think only suitable and very decent; but in the public retraction enjoined on the old man, by whom the mass of the Champ de Mars was celebrated, there was, according to them, outrage to the whole of the revolutionary traditions, and they were indignant at it. Mr. de Montrand's anger was especially great; an anonymous statesman, and clandestine genius—an unexampled rake, whose morals, and whose debts were desperate, possessing in the highest degree the grace of impertinence, and the dandyism of incredulity—moreover a sparkling talker, the friend of the king, and very superior to Mr. de Talleyrand, of whom he said: "*Who would not adore him, he is so wicked!*" Mr. de Montrand displayed a violent and passionate ardor in disputing his dying accomplice to the priests. All was in vain.

Mr. de Talleyrand had always a great liking for Mr. Thiers and Mr. Mignet. He liked their kind of talent, the originality of their fraternal fortune; and in them he flattered historians; for this skeptic, so profound, and so complete in appearance, busied himself with an almost puerile anxiety about the opinion that posterity would have of him. Mr. Thiers, on his part, had been sensible to the advances made to his plebeian merit, by a great head of the revolution. It is true, that on the subject of the treaty of the quadruple alliance, their relations had somewhat cooled, but were not broken, and Mr. Thiers had not ceased to have easy access to the prince. He thought, he remarked, that they tried to estrange him, as soon as Mr. de Talleyrand felt sick.

The 17th of May, the signs of approaching death becoming visible, was presented to the prince, that he might affix his signature to it, the declaration which was the object of so many fears, of so many hopes. He signed; a short time after the king appeared, and it is related, that, touched by such a visit, the expiring gentleman expressed his satisfaction in these words: "It is the greatest honor that my house has ever received." It is also related—and it is by clergymen that the fact, however improbable it may be, has been secretly propagated—that the king, having asked Mr. de Talleyrand if he suffered, and the latter having answered: "Yes, like one damned!"—Louis Philippe, in a low tone, let this word escape: "Already!"—a word which the dying man might have heard, and of which he immediately revenged himself, by giving to one of the persons about him secret and formidable indications.

The last hour came. The gangrene was mounting from the intestines towards the head; the succors of the church were brought, and the prayers for the dying were said. The number of visitors of mark was considerable, and no obstacle was put to their admission—the Duchess of Dino having an interest that the last moments of the prince should be surrounded by a solemn and incontestable publicity. Now, among the persons present, what diversity of sentiments, of prejudices, of discourse! Some were afflicted at the Catholic solemnity of his death; the greater part, on the contrary, found motives in that for consolation; and, among others, the Duke de Noailles and Madame de Castellane. Many thought of the envious revelations which a man, who had passed half a century behind the scenes of history, was, without doubt, about to leave behind him; they were ignorant that his *memoirs*, deposited in England, were not to be opened, conformably to his will, till after thirty years.

Towards four o'clock in the evening, they perceived that he had but few minutes to live. He was still quite sensible, and appeared attentive to the prayers. On hearing the names of his patrons pronounced, Charles, Archbishop of Milan and Maurice, the martyr, he added, in a feeble voice: "Have pity on me!" At last, as the Abbé Dupauloup recalled to him these words of the Archbishop of Paris: "For Mr. de Talleyrand I would give my life!"—"He might make a better use of it," replied he, and expired.

Nothing was to be wanting in the official pomp of his funeral obsequies; but the people, who doubted his soul, assailed the inviolability of his bier with scoffs.

Yet, strange and heart-rending circumstance! this man, who was a traitor to his country, who despised humanity, who never hesitated to immolate, with one stroke of his pen, millions of human beings, who was concerned in all the famous iniquities, who made of politics a science, hard and dry to excess, abominable and fatal, was, in his private relations, of extreme kindness. The people of his household were devoted to him. To part with a domestic was for him so keen a distress, that he could not resolve to do it. He loved; he had friends.

It matters not. Of him who meddles with the destinies of nations, more is required than a certain disposition to commiserate individual suffering. The political existence of Mr. de Talleyrand was only a long scandal, which it is just and necessary should be stigmatized! By him, in fact, was hatched that contemporaneous immorality which,

in its turn, sustained and upheld him. In his school were formed the boudoir philosophers, whom we have since seen take cynicism for a proof of superiority, and corruption for wit—plagiarists of fortunate vice, afterwards dishonest men.

Thank Heaven, it is not true that intelligence is of the party of improbity. Mr. de Talleyrand—we repeat it, and truth requires it—Mr. de Talleyrand was but a middling man. The merit of all the diplomatic labors of which he usurped the honor, was Mr. de Hauterive's. The treaties on which we read his signature, in the quality of Napoleon's servant, his master's sword concluded. Repulsed by the emperor, after having been by the republic, he did not foresee the return of the Bourbons, and only thought it possible when they entered Paris. The Hundred Days found at fault his foresight, so foolishly vaunted. At the Congress of Vienna, and though the division of the spoils of the world had caused among the victorious powers differences which a skilful negotiator would easily have turned to advantage, he knew neither how to prevent the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which was to serve as a barrier to us on the north, nor that of the kingdom of Sardinia, which was to serve as a barrier at the south; he allied himself against the Emperor of Russia, who liked us, to England, who was ardently working our ruin; he could do nothing, absolutely nothing, for the king of Saxony, our most faithful ally; and instead of giving France a secondary power for neighbor on the borders of the Rhine, as Russia proposed, he contributed, by imbecility or treachery, to establish Prussia at our doors, a principal and hostile power. He was incapable of supporting himself under the restoration, to which even Fouché—the regicide Fouché—had made himself necessary. He had nothing to do with the accession of Louis Philippe, so insignificant was his influence in 1830. In the conferences at London, reduced to an entirely subaltern part, he was shamefully put out of the deliberations, the object of which was the destruction of the fortresses raised against France, and they made him sign the treaty of the twenty-four articles, appendix to those of 1815. He only knew of the quadruple alliance after its conclusion, and then allowed the idea of it to be attributed to him. Humbled by Lord Palmerston, in his fatuity of a great nobleman, to revenge himself he deserted the whigs and England, and took sides with continental politics—he to whom ignorant panegyrists have imputed such consistent and profound views. At last recalled from London, he was obliged, in order to retain a remnant of influence, to humiliate himself to the functions of flatterer; and he drew on himself one day, from M. Thiers, the cruel exclamation, "That Mr. de Talleyrand, under Napoleon, should have become the courtier of glory and of greatness, that indeed; but to become the courtier of this!" Therefore, not one fact is there which proves the capacity of Mr. de Talleyrand.

It is true he has passed through many storms, and died in his bed. But when one only aspires to stand erect in the high regions of politics, what is necessary! To have the soul of a slave; to know how to be faithless in misfortune and ungrateful; to cringe to tyranny; to feel neither the pride of sublime things, nor the ambition of vast designs; to be mediocre enough for people to disdain to hate you, and vile enough for them to make use of you, even while they despise. That is

called the genius of the fortunate man! Let us descend to the humblest conditions; let us look at that unfortunate being struggling with misery; let us calculate the extent of the resources which he is obliged to put forth to escape hunger, the strength of will that he uses against despair. "You think yourself a great man, count, because you are a great lord," said Beaumarchais. "Lost in the obscure crowd, I have been obliged to display more science, only to gain a subsistence, than has been used for a hundred years in governing all Spain." No! Genius is not measured by success. True greatness does not go so easily unpunished. Alone, vanquished, exiled on a spot in the sea, with the regards of the whole uneasy universe fixed on his impotency, Napoleon was more imposing than at the summit of his fortune, where the magnificence of sovereign powers half concealed them.

DOMESTIC ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A scene of tearful interest was enacted on Friday before Judge Vanderpoel. A respectable young man, a cabinet-maker in Norfolk-street, appeared to answer a writ of *habeas corpus*. He was accompanied by his son, a very handsome and well-dressed boy about seven years of age, upon whom he evidently doted. The mother, a good looking-woman, was present, and had procured the issue of the writ for the purpose of obtaining custody of the child, as illegitimate, and thus under our laws belonging to the mother. It appears that about eight or nine years ago the father and mother became acquainted in Switzerland, in the canton of Basle, where she resided.—They loved, but he being a German was compelled by the laws of the canton, before marrying, to give security that his children should never become a public charge. He applied to the father of the girl, who refused to become his security, and they could not be legally united. Agreeably to the usage of that country, however, they pledged themselves to each other and lived together for a time as man and wife. The man finally left Switzerland for New York, the little boy in question being about a year old. He promised to write for the boy and his mother, which he did; but she could not then leave her mother, and only arrived here with their boy in October of last year—to find that the father, despairing of her coming, had married another. She resigned the child to his care and sought employment as a teacher—eventually forming an acquaintance with a substantial dairyman on Long-Island, who (being first made acquainted with her whole history) married her, and consented to adopt the boy as his own. The child, however, had become attached to his father, who was passionately fond of him and refused to give him up—hence the writ of *habeas corpus*. The judge of course decided that the custody of the child (he being illegitimate) belonged to the mother, unless it should become a public charge. The scene on the surrender of the child was thrilling and painful in the extreme. The boy screamed and clung convulsively to his father and refused to listen to the entreaties and endearments of his mother—while the unhappy father appeared almost heart-broken. He contended that the child being his and baptized in his name, he had a right to it, and intimated that he would not give him up. Finally, however, he and his friends departed, leaving the child with its mother, who at length succeeded in partially quieting his sobs and taking him away.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

This morning, April 1, at half-past eleven precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at the Joneses' party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was there, and there first introduced to Mary Anne, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinkney had barely attained to his twenty-eighth year, but there is reason to believe that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus to become accessories to the course for which he had just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half-past eight to ten, he was busily engaged in writing letters. Shortly after ten o'clock, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him in a firm voice to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied "Not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he could sleep; to which his answer was, "I don't know." He then expressed a desire for a segar and a glass of grog, which were supplied him. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would want anything more that night. He said, "Nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called according to his desire, rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time to his toilet than usual.

The wretched man was attired in a light-blue dress-coat, with frosted metal buttons, a white waistcoat and nankeen trousers, with patent leather boots. He wore round his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partially concealed the Corazza of his bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breast-pin of conspicuous dimensions. Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends were awaiting him. He shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he had slept, answered, "Very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said "He felt happy."

One of the party having hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis, "Decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate the whole of a French roll, a large round of toast, two sau-

sages, and three new-laid eggs, which he washed down with two great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present, at his appetite, he declared that he never felt it heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that "it would soon be over." His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him; when he said he should like to have a glass of ale. Having drunk this, he appeared satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining brief portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles which he would soon no longer want. To one he gave his segar-case, to another his tobacco-stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity to his landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven; and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother—his friends followed in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some seconds took place, after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinkney endeavored to preserve a composure, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

The ill-starred bachelor having submitted quietly to have a large white bow pinned to his button-hole, now walked, side by side, with Miss Gale, with a firm step to the altar. He surveyed the imposing preparations with calmness, and gazed, unmoved, on the clergyman, who, assisted by the clerk, was waiting behind the railings.

All requisite preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wife?" To which the rash youth replied, in a distinct voice, "I will." He then put the fatal ring upon Miss Gale's finger, the hymeneal noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.—*Punch*.

PLOUGHING NEAR SALERNO.—The fields, being without fences, have an open look; and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation, gives them a chequered appearance, and renders them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain; the red petticoats and the blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the color of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft, as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing; to effect this, a man had harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged to and fro with all the patience of an ox, he in the mean time holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive, and she to go. She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here is a very simple instrument, having but one handle, and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spear; and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.—*Headly's Letters from Italy*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.*

It is scarcely theoretical to say, that every century has a character of its own. The human mind is essentially progressive in Europe. The accumulations of past knowledge, experience, and impulse, are perpetually preparing changes on the face of society; and we may fairly regard every hundred years as the period maturing those changes into visible form. Thus, the fifteenth century was the age of discovery in the arts, in the powers of nature, and in the great provinces of the globe: the sixteenth exhibited the general mind under the impressions of religion—the reformation, the German wars for liberty and faith, and the struggles of Protestantism in France. The seventeenth was the brilliant period of scientific advance, of continental literature, and of courtly pomp and power. The eighteenth was the period of politics; every court of Europe was engaged in the game of political rivalry; the European balance became the test, the labor, and the triumph of statesmanship. The negotiator was then the great instrument of public action. Diplomacy assumed a shape, and Europe was governed by despatches. The genius of Frederick the Second restored war to its early rank among the elements of national life; but brilliant as his wars were, they were subservient to the leading feature of the age. They were fought, not, like the battles of the old conquerors, for fame, but for influence—not to leave the king without an enemy, but to leave his ambassadors without an opponent—less to gain triumphs than to ensure treaties: they all began and ended in diplomacy!

It is remarkable that this process was exhibited in Europe alone. In the East, comprehending two thirds of human kind, no change was made since the conquests of Mahomet. That vast convulsion, in which the nervousness of frenzy had given the effeminate spirit of the Oriental the strength of the soldier and the ambition of universal conqueror, had no sooner wrought its purpose than it passed away, leaving the general mind still more exhausted than before. The Saracen warrior sank into the peasant, and the Arab was again lost in his sands; the Turk alone survived, exhibiting splendor without wealth, and pride without power—a decaying image of despotism, which nothing but the jealousy of the European saved from falling under the first assault. Such is the repressive strength of evil government; progress, the most salient principle of our nature, dies before it. And man, of all beings the most eager for acquirement, and the most restless under all monotony of time, place, and position, becomes like the dog or the mule, and generation after generation lives and dies with no more consciousness of the capacities of his existence, than the root which the animal devours, or the tree under which it was born.

In England, the eighteenth century was wholly political. It was a continual struggle through all the difficulties belonging to a free constitution, exposed to the full discussion of an intellectual people. Without adopting the offensive prejudice, which places the individual ability of the Englishman in the first rank; or without doubting that nature has distributed nearly an equal share of personal ability among all European nations; we may,

not unjustly, place the national mind of England in the very highest rank of general capacity—if that is the most intellectual nation, by which the public intellect is most constantly employed, in which all the great questions of society are most habitually referred to the decision of the intellect, and in which that decision is the most irresistible in its effects, no nation of Europe can stand upon equal ground with the English. For in what other nation is the public intellect in such unwearied exercise, in such continual demand, and in such unanswerable power?

In what other nation of the world, (excepting, within those few years, France; and that most imperfectly,) has public opinion ever been appealed to? But, in England, to what else is there any appeal? Or, does not the foreign mind bear some resemblance to the foreign landscape—exhibiting barren though noble elevations, spots of singular though obscure beauty among its recesses, and even in its wildest scenes a capacity of culture!—while, in the mind of England, like its landscape, that culture has already laid its hand upon the soil; has crowned the hill with verdure, and clothed the vale with fertility; has run its ploughshare along the mountain side, and led the stream from its brow; has sought out every finer secret of the scene, and given the last richness of cultivation to the whole.

From the beginning of the reign of Anne, all was a contest of leading statesmen at the head of parties. Those contests exhibit great mental power, singular system, and extraordinary knowledge of the art of making vast bodies of men minister to the personal objects of avarice and ambition. But they do no honor to the moral dignity of England. All revolutions are hazardous to principle. A succession of revolutions have always extinguished even the pretence to principle. The French revolution is not the only one which made a race of *girouettes*. The political life of England, from the death of Anne to the reign of George the Third, was a perpetual turning of the weather-cock. Whig and Tory were the names of distinction. But their subordinates were of as many varieties of feature as the cargo of a slave-ship; the hue might be the same, but the jargon was that of Babel. It was perhaps fortunate for the imperial power of England; that while she was thus humiliating the national morality, which is the life-blood of nations; her reckless and perpetual enemy beyond the channel had lost all means of being her antagonist. The French sceptre had fallen into the hands of a prince, who had come to the throne a debauchee; and to whom the throne seemed only a scene for the larger display of his vices. The profligacy of Louis Quatorze had been palliated by his passion for splendor, among a dissolute people who loved splendor much, and hated profligacy little. But the vices of Louis the Fifteenth were marked by a grossness which degraded them in the eye even of popular indulgence, and prepared the nation for the overthrow of the monarchy. In this period, religion, the great purifier of national council, maintained but a struggling existence. The Puritanism of the preceding century had crushed the church of England; and the restoration of the monarchy had given the people a saturnalia. Religion had been confounded with hypocrisy, until the people had equally confounded freedom with infidelity. The heads of the church, chosen by free-thinking administrations, were chosen more for the suppleness than for the strength of their

* *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third*, by Horace Walpole. From the MSS. Edited with Notes, by Sir D. LA MARCHANT, BART. London: Bentley.

principles; and while the people were thus taught to regard churchmen as tools, and the ministers to use them as dependents, the cause of truth sank between both. The Scriptures are the life of religion. It can no more subsist in health without them, than the human frame can subsist without food; it may have the dreams of the enthusiast, or the frenzy of the monk; but, for all the substantial and safe purposes of the human heart, its life is gone forever. It has been justly remarked, that the theological works of that day, including the sermons, might, in general, have been written if Christianity had never existed. The sermons were chiefly essays, of the dreariest kind on the most commonplace topics of morals. The habit of reading these discourses from the pulpit, a habit so fatal to all impression, speedily rendered the preachers as indifferent as their auditory; and if we were to name the period when religion had most fallen into decay in the public mind, we should pronounce it the half century which preceded the reign of George the Third.

On the subject of pulpit eloquence there are some remarks in one of the reviews of the late Sydney Smith, expressed with all the shrewdness, divested of the levity of that writer, who had keenly observed the popular sources of failure.

"The great object of modern sermons is, to hazard nothing. Their characteristic is decent debility; which alike guards their authors from ludicrous errors, and precludes them from striking beauties. Yet it is curious to consider, how a body of men so well educated as the English clergy, can distinguish themselves so little in a species of composition, to which it is their peculiar duty, as well as their ordinary habit, to attend. To solve this difficulty, it should be remembered that the eloquence of the bar and of the senate force themselves into notice, power, and wealth." He then slightly guards against the conception, that eloquence should be the sole source of preferment; or even "a common cause of preferment." But he strongly, and with great appearance of truth, attributes the want of public effect to the want of those means by which that effect is secured in every other instance.

"Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking into reading; a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more unfortunate, than an orator delivering stale indignation, and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and metaphors into which he is hurried by the ardor of his mind; and so affected, at a preconceived line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further?"

This criticism was perfectly true of sermons forty years ago, when it was written. Times are changed since, and changed for the better. The pulpit is no longer ashamed of the doctrines of Christianity, as too harsh for the ears of a classic audience, or too familiar for the ears of the people. Still there are no rewards in the church, for that great faculty, or rather that great combination of faculties, which commands all the honors of the senate and the bar. A clerical Demosthenes might find his triumph in the shillings of a charity sermon, but he must never hope for a stall.

We now revert to the curious, inquisitive, and gossiping historian of the time. Walpole, fond of French manners, delighting in the easy sarcasm,

and almost saucy levity, of French "memoirs," and adopting, in all its extent, the confession, (then so fashionable on the continent,) that the perfection of writing was to be formed in their lively *persiflage*, evidently modelled his "history" on the style of the Sevigné and St. Simons. But he was altogether their superior. If he had been a chamberlain in the court of Louis XV., he might have been as frivolously witty, and as laughingly sarcastic, as any Frenchman who ever sat at the feet of a court mistress, or who ever looked for fame among the sallies of a *petit souper*. But England was an atmosphere which compelled him to a manlier course. The storms of party were not to be stemmed by a wing of goosamer. The writer had bold facts, strong principles, and the struggles of powerful minds to deal with, and their study gave him a strength not his own.

Walpole was fond of having a hero. In private life, George Selwyn was his Admirable Crichton; in public, Charles Townshend. Charles was unquestionably a man of wit. Yet his wit rather consisted in dexterity of language than in brilliancy of conception. He was also eloquent in parliament; though his charm evidently consisted more in happiness of phrase, than in richness, variety, or vigor, of thought. On the whole, he seems to have been made to amuse rather than to impress, and to give a high conception of his general faculties than to produce either conviction by his argument, or respect by the solid qualities of his genius. Still, he must have been an extraordinary man. Walpole describes his conduct and powers, as exhibited on one of those days of sharp debate which preceded the tremendous discussions of the American war. The subject was a bill for regulating the dividends of the East India Company—the topic was extremely trite, and apparently trifling. But any perch will answer for the flight of such a bird. "It was on that day," says Walpole, "and on that occasion, that Charles Townshend displayed, in a latitude beyond belief, the amazing powers of his capacity, and the no less amazing incongruities of his character." Early in the day he had opened the business, by taking on himself the examination of the company's conduct, had made a calm speech on the subject, and even went so far as to say, "that he hoped he had atoned for the inconsiderateness of his past life, by the care which he had taken of that business." He then went home to dinner. In his absence a motion was made, which Conway, the secretary of state, not choosing to support alone, it being virtually Townshend's own measure besides, sent to hurry him back to the house. "He returned about eight in the evening, half drunk with champagne," as Walpole says, (which, however, was subsequently denied,) and more intoxicated with spirits. He then instantly rose to speak, without giving himself time to learn anything, except that the motion had given alarm. He began by vowing that he had not been consulted on the motion—a declaration which astonished everybody, there being twelve persons round him at the moment, who had been in consultation with him that very morning, and with his assistance had drawn up the motion on his own table, and who were petrified at his unparalleled effrontery. But before he sat down, he had poured forth, as Walpole says, "a torrent of wit, humor, knowledge, absurdity, vanity, and fiction, heightened by all the graces of comedy, the happiness of quotation, and the buffoonery of farce." To the purpose of the question he said not a syllable. It was a desecant

on the times, a picture of parties, of their leaders, hopes, and effects. It was an encomium and a satire on himself; and when he painted the pretensions of birth, riches, connexions, favors, titles, while he affected to praise Lord Rockingham and that faction, he yet insinuated that nothing but parts like his own were qualified to preside. And while he less covertly arraigned the wild incapacity of Lord Chatham, he excited such murmurs of wonder, admiration, applause, laughter, pity, and scorn, that nothing was so true as the sentence with which he concluded—when, speaking of government, he said, that it had become what he himself had often been called—the weathercock."

Walpole exceeds even his usual measure of admiration, in speaking of this masterly piece of extravagance. "Such was the wit, abundance, and impropriety of his speech," says he, "that for some days men could talk or inquire of nothing else. 'Did you hear Charles Townshend's champagne speech,' was the universal question. The bacchanalian enthusiasm of Pindar flowed in torrents less rapid and less eloquent, and inspired less delight, than Townshend's imagery, which conveyed meaning in every sentence. It was Garrick acting extempore scenes of Congreve." He went to supper with Walpole at Conway's afterwards, where, the flood of his gaiety not being exhausted, he kept the table in a roar till two in the morning. A part of this entertainment, however, must have found his auditory in a condition as unfit for criticism as himself. Claret till "two in the morning," might easily disqualify a convivial circle from the exercise of too delicate a perception. And a part of Townshend's facetiousness on that occasion consisted in mimicking his own wife, and a woman of rank with whom he fancied himself in love. He at last gave up from mere bodily lassitude. Walpole happily enough illustrates those talents and their abuse by an allusion to those eastern tales, in which a benevolent genius endows a being with supernatural excellence on some points, while a malignant genius counteracts the gift by some qualification which perpetually baffles and perverts it. The story, however, of Charles Townshend's tipsiness is thus contradicted by a graver authority, Sir George Colebrook, in his memoirs.

"Mr. Townshend loved good living, but had not a strong stomach. He committed therefore frequent excesses, considering his constitution; which would not have been intemperance in another. He was supposed, for instance, to have made a speech in the heat of wine, when that was really not the case. It was a speech in which he treated with great levity, but with wonderful art, the characters of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Shelburne, whom, though his colleagues in office, he entertained a sovereign contempt for, and heartily wished to get rid of. He had a black riband over one of his eyes that day, having tumbled out of bed, probably in a fit of epilepsy; and this added to the impression made on his auditors that he was tipsy. Whereas, it was a speech he had meditated a great while upon, and it was only by accident that it found utterance that day. I write with certainty, because Sir George Yonge and I were the only persons who dined with him, and we had but one bottle of champagne after dinner; General Conway having repeatedly sent messengers to press his return to the house."

This brings the miracle down to the human standard, yet that standard was high, and the man

who could excite this admiration, in a house which contained so great a number of eminent speakers, and which could charm the caustic spirit of Walpole into the acknowledgment that his speech "was the most singular pleasure of the kind he had ever tasted," must have been an extraordinary performance, even if his instrument was not of the highest tone of oratory. A note from the Duke of Grafton's manuscript memoirs also contradicts, on Townshend's own authority, his opinion of the "wild incapacity of Lord Chatham." The note says:—

"On the night preceding Lord Chatham's first journey to Bath, Mr. Charles Townshend was for the first time summoned to the cabinet. The business was on a general view and statement of the actual situation and interests of the various powers in Europe. Lord Chatham had taken the lead in this consideration in so masterly a manner, as to raise the admiration and desire of us all to co-operate with him in forwarding his views. Mr. Townshend was particularly astonished, and owned to me, as I was carrying him in my carriage home, that Lord Chatham had just shown to us what inferior animals we were, and that as much as he had seen of him before, he did not conceive till that night his superiority to be so transcendent."

Walpole writes with habitual bitterness of the great Lord Chatham. The recollection of his early opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, seems to have made him an unfaithful historian, wherever this extraordinary man's name comes within his page; but at the period of those discussions, it seems not improbable that the vigor of Chatham's understanding had in some degree given way to the tortures of his disease. He had suffered from gout at an early period of life; and as this is a disease remarkably affected by the mind, the perpetual disturbances of a public life seem to have given it a mastery over the whole frame of the great minister. Walpole talks in unjustifiable language of his "haughty sterility of talents." But there seems to be more truth in his account of the caprices of this powerful understanding in his retirement. Walpole calls it the "reality of Lord Chatham's madness." Still, we cannot see much in those instances, beyond the temper naturally resulting from an agonizing disease. When the Pynsent estate fell to him, he removed to it, and sold his house and grounds at Hayes—"a place on which he had wasted prodigious sums, and which yet retained small traces of expense, great part having been consumed in purchasing contiguous tenements, to free himself from all neighborhood. Much had gone in doing and undoing, and not a little in planting by torchlight, as his peremptory and impatient habits could brook no delay. Nor were those the sole circumstances which marked his caprice. His children he could not bear under the same roof, nor communications from room to room, nor whatever he thought promoted noise. A winding passage between his house and children was built with the same view. When, at the beginning of his second administration, he fixed at North End by Hampstead, he took four or five houses successively, as fast as Mr. Dingley his landlord went into them, still, as he said, to ward off the houses of the neighborhood."

Walpole relates another anecdote equally inconclusive. At Pynsent, a bleak hill bounded his view. He ordered his gardener to have it planted

with evergreens. The man asked "with what sorts." He replied, "With cedars and cypresses." "Bless me, my lord," replied the gardener, "all the nurseries in this county would not furnish a hundredth part." "No matter, send for them from London:" and they were brought by land carriage. Certainly, there was not much in this beyond the natural desire of every improver to shut out a disagreeable object, by putting an agreeable one in its place. His general object was the natural one of preventing all noise—a point of importance with every sufferer under a wakeful and miserable disease. His appetite was delicate and fanciful, and a succession of chickens were kept boiling and roasting at every hour, to be ready whenever he should call. He at length grew weary of his residence, and, after selling Hayes, took a longing to return there. After considerable negotiation with Mr. Thomas Walpole the purchaser, he obtained it again, and we hear no more of his madness.

The session was one of continual intrigues, constant exhibitions of subtlety amongst the leaders of the party, which at this distance of time are only ridiculous, and intricate discussions, which are now among the lumber of debate. Townshend, if he gained nothing else, gained the freedom of the city for his conduct on the East India and dividend bills, for which, as Walpole says, "he deserved nothing but censure." A contemptuous epigram appeared on the occasion by "somebody a little more sagacious"—that "somebody" probably being Walpole himself:

"The joke of Townshend's box is little known,
Great judgment in the thing the city have shown;
The compliment was an expedient clever,
To rid them of the like expense forever.
Of so burlesque a choice the example sure
For city boxes must all longing cure,
The honored Ostracism at Athens fell,
Soon as Hyperbolus had got the shell."

It is scarcely possible to think that an epigram of this heavy order could have been praised by Walpole, if his criticism had not been tempered by the tenderness of paternity.

We then have a character of a man embalmed in the contempt poured upon him by Junius—the Duke of Grafton. Though less bitter, it is equally scornful. "Hitherto," says Walpole, "he had passed for a man of much obstinacy and firmness, of strict honor, devoid of ambition, and, though reserved, more diffident than designing. He retained so much of this character, as to justify those who had mistaken the rest. If he precipitated himself into the most sudden and inextricable contradictions, at least he pursued the object of the moment with inflexible ardor. If he abandoned himself to total negligence of business, in pursuit of his sports and pleasures, the love of power never quitted him; and, when his will was disputed, no man was more imperiously arbitrary. If his designs were not deeply laid, at least they were conducted in profound silence. He rarely pardoned those who did not guess his inclination. It was necessary to guess, so rare was any instance of his unbosoming himself to either friends or confidants. Why, his honor had been so highly rated I can less account, except that he had advertised it, and that obstinate young men are apt to have high notions, before they have practised the world, and essayed their own virtue."

At length, after a vast variety of intrigues, which threw the public life of those days into the most contemptible point of view, the king being made virtually a cipher, while the families of the Hertfords, Buckinghams, and Rockinghams, trafficked the high offices of state as children would barter toys; an administration was tardily formed. Walpole, who seemed to take a sort of *dilettante* pleasure in constructing those intrigues, and making himself wretched at their failure, while nobody suffered him to take advantage of their success; now gave himself a holiday, and went to relax in Paris for six weeks—his relaxation consisting of gossip amongst the literary ladies of the capital. During his absence an event happened which, though it did not break up the ministry, yet must have had considerable effect in its influence on the house of commons. This was the death of the celebrated Charles Townshend, on the 4th of September, 1767, in the forty-second year of his age. The cause of his death was a neglected fever; if even this did not arise from his carelessness of health, and those habits which, if not amounting to intemperance, were certainly trespasses on his constitution. Walpole speaks of him with continual admiration of his genius, and continual contempt of his principles. He also thinks, that he had arrived at his highest fame, or, in his peculiar phrase, "that his genius could have received no accession of brightness, while his faults only promised multiplication." Walpole, with no pretence to rival, probably envied this singular personage; for, whenever he begins by panegyric, he uniformly ends with a sting. One of the notes gives an extract from Sir George Colebrook's Memoirs, which perhaps places his faculties in a more favorable point of view than the high-colored eulogium of Burke, or the polished insinuations of Walpole. Sir George tells us, that Townshend's object was to be prime minister, and that he would doubtless have attained that object had he lived to see the Duke of Grafton's resignation. Lord North succeeded him as chancellor of the exchequer, and Townshend would evidently have preceded him as prime minister. "As a private man, his friends were used to say, that they should not see his like again. Though they were often the butts of his wit, they always returned to his company with fresh delight, which they would not have done had there been either malice or rancor in what he said. He loved society, and in his choice of friends preferred those over whom he had a decided superiority of talent. He was satisfied when he had put the table in a roar, and he did not like to see it done by another. When Garrick and Foote were present, he took the lead, and hardly allowed them an opportunity of showing their talents for mimicry, because he could excel them in their own art. He shone particularly in taking off the principal members of the house of commons. Among the few whom he feared was Mr. Selwyn, and at a dinner at Lord Gower's they had a trial of skill, in which Mr. Selwyn prevailed. When the company broke up, Mr. Townshend, to show that he had no animosity, carried him in his carriage to White's; and, as they parted, Selwyn could not help saying—'Remember, this is the first set-down you have given me to-day.'"

As Townshend lived at a considerable expense, and had little paternal fortune, he speculated occasionally in both the French and English funds. One of the incidents related by Sir George, and

without a syllable of censure too, throws on him an imputation of trickery which, in our later day, would utterly destroy any public man. "When he was chancellor of the exchequer, he came in his nightgown to a dinner given by the Duke of Grafton to several of the principal men of the city to settle the loan. After dinner, when the terms were settled, and everybody present wished to introduce some friend on the list of subscribers, he pretended to cast up the sums already admitted, said the loan was full, huddled up his papers, got into a chair, and returned home, reserving to himself by his manœuvre a large share of the loan." An act of this kind exhibits the honesty of the last age in a very equivocal point of view. If proud of nothing else, we may be proud of the public sense of responsibility; in our day, it may be presumed that such an act would be impossible, for it would inevitably involve the ruin of the perpetrator, followed by the ruin of any ministry which would dare to defend him.

At this period died a brother of the king, Edward, Duke of York, a man devoted to pleasure, headstrong in his temper, and ignorant in his conceptions. "Immoderate travelling, followed by immoderate balls and entertainments," had long kept his blood in a peculiar state of accessibility to disease. He died of a putrid fever. Walpole makes a panegyric on the Duke of Gloucester, his brother; of which a part may be supposed due to the duke's marriage with Lady Waldegrave, a marriage which provoked the indignation of the king, and which once threatened political evils of a formidable nature. Henry, the Duke of Cumberland, was also an unfortunate specimen of the blood royal. He is described as having the babbling loquacity of the Duke of York, without his talents; as at once arrogant and low; presuming on his rank as a prince, and degrading himself by an association with low company. Still, we are to remember Walpole's propensity to sarcasm, the enjoyment which he seems to have felt in shooting his brilliant missiles at all ranks superior to his own; and his especial hostility to George the Third, one of the honestest monarchs that ever sat upon a throne.

In those days the composition of ministries depended altogether upon the high families. The peerage settled everything amongst themselves. A few of their dependents were occasionally taken into office; but all the great places were distributed among a little clique, who thus constituted themselves the real masters of the empire. Walpole's work has its value, in letting us into the secrets, of a conclave, which at once shows us the singular emptiness of its constituent parts, and the equally singular authority with which they seem to have disposed of both the king and the people. We give a scene from the *Historian*, which would make an admirable fragment of the *Rehearsal*, and which wanted only the genius of Sheridan to be an admirable pendant to Mr. Puff's play in the *Critic*. "On the 20th a meeting was held at the Duke of Newcastle's, of Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and of Dowdeswell, with Newcastle himself on one part, and of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Weymouth, and Rigby on the other. The Duke of Bedford had powers from Grenville to act for him; but did not seem to like Lord Rockingham's taking on himself to name to places. On the latter's asking what friends they wished to prefer, Rigby said, with his cavalier bluntness—Take the *Court Calendar* and give them one, two,

three thousand pounds a year! Bedford observed—They had said nothing on measures. Mr. Grenville would insist on the sovereignty of this country over America being asserted. Lord Rockingham replied—He would never allow it to be a question whether he had given up this country—he never had. The duke insisted on a declaration. The Duke of Richmond said—We may as well demand one from you, that you will never disturb that country again. Neither would yield: However, though they could not agree on measures, as the distribution of places was more the object of their thoughts and of their meeting, they reverted to that topic. Lord Rockingham named Mr. Conway. Bedford started; said he had no notion of Conway; had thought he was to return to the military line. The Duke of Richmond said it was true, Mr. Conway did not desire a civil place; did not know whether he would be persuaded to accept one; but they were so bound to him for his resignation, and thought him so able, they must insist. The Duke of Bedford said—Conway was an officer *sans tache*, but not a minister *sans tache*. Rigby said—Not one of the present cabinet should be saved. Dowdeswell asked—What! not one? 'No.' 'What! not Charles Townshend?' 'Oh!' said Rigby, 'that is different. Besides, he has been in opposition.' 'So has Conway,' said Dowdeswell. 'He has voted twice against the court; Townshend but once.' 'But,' said Rigby, 'Conway is Bute's man.' 'Pray,' said Dowdeswell, 'is not Charles Townshend Bute's?' 'Ah! but Conway is governed by his brother Hertford, who is Bute's.' 'But Lady Ailesbury is a Scotchwoman.' 'So is Lady Dalkeith.' Those ladies had been widows and were now married, (the former to Conway, the latter to Townshend.) From this dialogue the assembly fell to wrangling, and broke up quarrelling. So high did the heats go, that the Conways ran about the town publishing the issue of the conference, and taxing the Bedfords with treachery."

Notwithstanding this collision, at once so significant, and so trifling—at once a burlesque on the gravity of public affairs, and a satire on the selfishness of public men—on the same evening, the Duke of Bedford sent to desire another interview, to which Lord Rockingham yielded, but the Duke of Bedford refused to be present. So much, however, were the minds on both sides ulcerated by former and recent disputes, and so incompatible were their views, that the second meeting broke up in a final quarrel, and Lord Rockingham released the other party from all their engagements. The Duke of Bedford desired they might still continue friends, or at least to agree to oppose together. Lord Rockingham said no, "they were broken forever."

It was at this meeting that the Duke of Newcastle appeared for the last time in a political light. Age and feebleness had at length worn out that busy passion for intrigue, which power had not been able to satiate, nor disgrace correct. He languished about a year longer, but was heard of no more on the scene of affairs. (He died in November, 1768.)

A remarkable circumstance in all those arrangements is, that we hear nothing of either the king or the people. The king is of course applied to to sign and seal, but simply as a head clerk. The people are occasionally mentioned at the end of every seven years; but in the interim all was set-

tled in the parlors of the peerage! The scene which we have just given was absolutely puerile, if it were not scandalous; and, without laying ourselves open to the charge of superstition on such subjects, we might almost regard the preservation of the empire as directly miraculous, while power was in the hands of such men as the Butes and Newcastle, the Bedfords and Rockinghams, of the last century. It is not even difficult to trace to this intolerable system, alike the foreign calamities and the internal convulsions during this period. Whether America could, by any possibility of arrangement, have continued a British colony up to the present time, may be rationally doubted. A vast country, rapidly increasing in wealth and population, would have been an incumbrance, rather than an addition, to the power of England. If the patronage of her offices continued in the hands of ministers, it must have supplied them with the means of buying up every man who was to be bought in England. It would have been the largest fund of corruption ever known in the world. Or, if the connexion continued, with the population of America doubling in every five-and-twenty years, the question must in time have arisen, whether England or America ought to be the true seat of government. The probable consequence, however, would have been separation; and as this could scarcely be effected by amicable means, the result might have been a war of a much more extensive, wasteful, and formidable nature, than that which divided the two countries sixty-five years ago.

But all the blunders of the American war, nay the war itself, may be still almost directly traceable to the arrogance of the oligarchy. Too much accustomed to regard government as a natural appendage to their birth, they utterly forgot the true element of national power—the force of public opinion. Inflated with a sense of their personal superiority, they looked with easy indifference or studied contempt on everything that was said or done by men whose genealogy was not registered in the red book. Of America—a nation of Englishmen—and of its proceedings, they talked, as a Russian lord might talk of his serfs. Some of them thought, that a stamp act would frighten the sturdy freeholders of the western world into submission! others talked of reducing them to obedience by laying a tax on their tea! others prescribed a regimen of writs and constables! evidently regarding the American farmers as they regarded the poachers and paupers on their own demesnes. All this arose from stupendous ignorance; but it was ignorance engendered by pride, by exclusiveness of rank, and by the arrogance of *caste*. So excessive was this exclusiveness, that Burke, though the most extraordinary man of his time, and one of the most memorable of any time, could never obtain a seat in the cabinet; where such triflers as Newcastle, such figures of patrician pedantry as Buckingham, such shallow intriguers as the Bedfords, and such notorious characters as the Sandwiches, played with power, like children with the cups and balls of their nursery. Lord North, with all his wit, his industry, and his eloquence, owed his admission into the cabinet to his being the son of the Earl of Guilford. Charles Fox, though marked by nature, from his first entrance into public life, for the highest eminence of the senate, would never have been received into the government *class*, but for his casual connexion with the house of Richmond. Thus, they knew nothing of the real powers of that infinite multitude, which, however below

the peerage, forms the country. They thought that a few frowns from Downing Street could extinguish the resistance of millions, three thousand miles off, with muskets in their hands, inflamed by a sense of wrong, whether fancied or true, and insensible to the gatherings of a brow, however coroneted and antique.

This haughty exclusiveness equally accounts for the contests with Wilkes. They felt themselves affronted, much more than resisted; they were much more stung by the defiance of a private individual to themselves, than they were urged to the collision by any conceivable sense of hazard to the monarchy. No man, out of bedlam, could conceive, that Wilkes had either the power or the intention to subvert the state. But Mr. Wilkes, an obscure man, whose name was not known to the calendar of the government fabricators, had actually dared to call their privilege of power into question; had defied them in the courts of law; had rebuked them in the senate; had shaken their influence in the elections; and had, in fact, compelled them to know, what they were so reluctant to learn, that they were but human beings after all! The acquisition of this knowledge cost them half a dozen years of convulsions, the most ruinous to themselves, and the most hazardous to the constitution. Wilkes' profligacy alone, perhaps, saved the constitution from a shock, which might have changed the whole system of the empire. If he had not been sunk by his personal character, at the first moment when the populace grew cool, he might have availed himself of the temper of the times to commit mischiefs the most irreparable. If his personal character had been as free from public offence as his spirit was daring, he might have led the people much further than the government ever had the foresight to contemplate. The conduct of the successive cabinets had covered the king with unpopularity, not the less fierce, that it was wholly undeserved. Junius, the ablest political writer that England has ever seen, or probably ever will see, in the art of assailing a ministry, had pilloried every leading man of his time except Chatham, in the imperishable virulence of his page. The popular mind was furious with indignation at the conduct of all cabinets; in despair of all improvement in the system; irritated by the rash severity which alternated with the equally rash pusillanimity of ministers; and beginning to regard government less as a protection, than as an encroachment on the natural privileges of a nation of freemen.

They soon had a growing temptation before them in the successful revolt of America.

We do not now enter into that question; it is too long past. But we shall never allude to it without paying that homage to truth, which pronounces, that the American revolt was a rebellion, wholly unjustifiable by the provocation; utterly rejecting all explanation, or atonement for casual injuries; and made in the spirit of a determination to throw off the allegiance to the mother country. But, if Wilkes could have sustained his opposition but a few years longer, and with any character but one so shattered as his own, he might have carried it on through life, and even bequeathed it as a legacy to his party; until the French Revolution had joined flame to flame across the Channel, and England had rivalled even the frenzy of France in the rapidity and ruin of her reform.

Fortunately, the empire was rescued from this most fatal of all catastrophes. A great English minister appeared, on whom were to devolve the

defence
The s
intrep
unriva
He br
less hu
better
practic
thorou
of po
ranks
great
He re
with
from
peers
on th
year
come
A
into
solic
dina
with
elae
hav
rep
ma
nin
high
cer
ut
ha
ple
th
re
w
fi
h
e
n
d
g
y
f

defence of England and the restoration of Europe. The sagacity of Pitt saw where the evil lay; his intrepidity instantly struck at its source, and his unrivalled ability completed the saving operation. He broke down the cabinet monopoly. No man less humiliated himself to the populace, but no man better understood the people. No man paid more practical respect to the peerage, but no man more thoroughly extinguished their exclusive possession of power. He formed his cabinet from men of all ranks, in the peerage and out of the peerage. The great peers chiefly went over to the opposition. He resisted them there, with as much daring, and with as successful a result, as he had expelled them from the stronghold of government. He made new peers. He left his haughty antagonists to graze on the barren field of opposition for successive years; and finally saw almost the whole herd come over for shelter to the ministerial fold.

At this period a remarkable man was brought into public life—the celebrated Dunning, appointed solicitor-general. Walpole calls this “an extraordinary promotion,” as Dunning was connected with Lord Shelburne. It was like everything else, obviously an intrigue; and Dunning would have lost the appointment, but for his remarkable reputation in the courts; Wedderburne being the man of the Bedfords. Walpole’s opinion of Dunning in the house, shows, how much even the highest abilities may be influenced by circumstances. He says, “that Dunning immediately and utterly lost character as a speaker, although he had acquired the very highest distinctions as a pleader;” so different, says he, is the oratory of the bar and of parliament. Mansfield and Camden retained an equal rank in both. “Wedderburne was most successful in the house. Norton had at first disappointed the expectations that were conceived of him when he came into parliament; yet his strong sense, that glowed through all the coarseness of his language and brutality of his manner, recovered his weight, and he was much distinguished; while Sir Dudley Ryder, attorney-general, in the preceding reign, the soundest lawyer, and Charles Yorke, one of the most distinguished pleaders, soon talked themselves out of all consideration in parliament; the former by laying too great a stress on every part of his diffusive knowledge, and the latter by the sterility of his intelligence.”

An intelligent note, however, vindicates the reputation of Dunning. It is observed, that Dunning’s having been counsel for Wilkes, and the intimate of Lord Shelburne, it could not be expected that he should take a prominent part in any of the debates which were so largely occupied with Wilkes’ misdemeanors. Lord North too, was hostile to Dunning. Under such conditions it was impossible that any man should exhibit his powers to advantage; but at a later period, when he had got rid of those trammels, his singular abilities vindicated themselves. He became one of the leaders of the opposition, even when that honor was to be shared with Burke. We have heard that such was the pungency of Dunning’s expressions, and the happy dexterity of his conceptions, that when he spoke, (his voice being feeble, and unable to make itself heard at any great distance,) the members used to throng around the bench on which he spoke. Wraxall panegyricizes him, and yet with a tautology of terms, which must have been the very reverse of Dunning’s style. Thus, he tells us that when Dunning spoke, “Every murmur was

hushed, and every ear attentive;” two sentences which amount to the same thing. Hannah More is also introduced as one of the panegyrists; for poor Hannah seems to have been one of the most bustling persons possible; to have run everywhere, and to have given *her* opinion of everybody, however much above her comprehension. She was one of the spectators on the Duchess of Kingston’s trial, (a most extraordinary scene for the choice of such a purist;) but Hannah was not at that time quite so sublime as she became afterwards. Hannah describes Dunning’s manner as “insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every word; but his sense and expression pointed to the last degree.” But the character which the annotator gives as a model of panegyric, pleases us least of all. It is by Sir William Jones, and consists of one long antithesis. It is a studied toil of language, expressing ideas, a common-place succession, substituting words for thoughts, and at once leaving the ear palled, and the understanding dissatisfied. What, for instance, could be made of such a passage as this? Sir William is speaking of Dunning’s wit. “This,” says he, “relieved the weary, calmed the resentful, and animated the drowsy. This drew smiles even from such as were the object of it, and scattered flowers over a desert, and, like sunbeams sparkling on a lake, gave spirit and vivacity to the dullest and least interesting cause.” And this mangling of metaphor is to teach us the qualities of a profound and practical mind. What follows, is the perfection of see-saw. “He was endued with an intellect sedate yet penetrating, clear yet profound, subtle yet strong. His knowledge, too, was equal to his imagination, and his memory to his knowledge.” He might have equally added, that the capacity of his boots was equal to the size of his legs, and the length of his purse to the extent of his generosity. This reminds us of one of Sydney’s Smith’s burlesques on the balancing of epithets by that most pedantic of pedants, the late Dr. Parr—“profundity without obscurity, perspicuity without prolixity, ornament without glare, terseness without barrenness, penetration without subtlety, comprehensiveness without digression, and a great number of other things without a great number of other things.”

Little tricks, or rather large ones, now and then diversify the narrative. On the same day that Conway resigned the seals, Lord Weymouth was declared secretary of state. At the same time, Lord Hillsborough kissed hands for the American department, but nominally retaining the post-office, the salary of which he paid to Lord Sandwich, *till the elections should be over*; there being so strict a disqualifying clause in the bill for prohibiting the postmasters for interfering in elections, which Sandwich *was determined to do to the utmost*, that he did not dare to accept the office in his own name, *till he had incurred the guilt*. Another trick of a very dishonorable nature, though ultimately defeated, may supply a moral for our share-trafficking days in high quarters. Lord Botetourt, one of the bed-chamber, and a kind of second-hand favorite, had engaged in an adventure with a company of copper-workers at Warrley. They broke, and his lordship, in order to cover his estate from the creditors, begged a privy seal to incorporate the company, by which means private estates would not be answerable. The king ignorantly granted the request; but Lord Chatham, aware of the deception, refused to affix the seal to the patent, pleading that he was not able. Lord

Bottetort, outrageous at the disappointment, threatened to petition the lords to remove Lord Chat-ham, on the ground of inability. The annotator justly observes, that the proposal was absolutely monstrous, being nothing but a gross fraud on his lordship's creditors. It, however, does not seem to have attracted the attention of the attorney-general, or the home-office; but, for some cause or other, the patent did not pass, the result being, that Lord Bottetort, unable to retrieve his losses, obtained the government of Virginia, in the following summer, where he subsequently died.

A curious instance of parliamentary corruption next attracted the notice of the public. It came out, that the city of Oxford had offered their representation to two gentlemen, if they would pay £7500 towards the debts of the corporation. They refused the bargain, and Oxford sold itself to the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Abingdon. The matter was brought before the house, and the mayor of Oxford and ten of the corporation appeared at the bar, confessing their crime, and asking pardon. It ended with committing them to prison for five days. A note describes the whole affair as being treated with great ridicule, (there being probably not a few who looked upon things of this nature as a matter of course;) and the story being, that the aldermen completed their bargain with the Duke of Marlborough, during their imprisonment in Newgate.

On the 11th of March, 1768, the parliament was dissolved. Walpole says, "that its only characteristic was servility to the government; while our ancestors, we presume, from the shamelessness of its servility, might have called it the Impudent Parliament."

After wearying himself in the dusty field of politics, Walpole retired, like Homer's gods from Troy, to rest in the more flowery region of literature. His habits led him to the enjoyment of bitter political poetry, which, in fact, is not poetry at all; while they evidently disqualified him from feeling the power and beauty of the imaginative, the only poetry that deserves the name. Thus, he describes Goldsmith as the "correct author of *The Traveller*," one of the most beautiful poems in the language; while he panegyricizes, with a whole catalogue of plaudits, Anstey's *Bath Guide*—a very scandalous, though undoubtedly a lively and ingenious, caricature of the habits of the time. An ultra-heavy poem by Bentley, the son of the critic, enjoys a similar panegyric. We give, as an evidence of its dulness, a fragment of its praise of Lord Bute:—

"Oh, if we seize with skill the coming hour,
And reinvest us with the robe of power;
Rule while we live, let future days transmute
To every merit all we've charged on Bute.
Let late posterity receive his name,
And swell its sails with every breath of fame—
Downwards as far as time shall roll his tide,
With ev'ry pendant flying, let it glide."

The rest is equally intolerable.

But Bentley was lucky in his patrons, if not in his poetry; as, in addition to a commissionership of lotteries, he received a pension for the lives of himself and his wife of £500 a year! Though thus undeservedly successful in attracting the notice of the government, his more honest efforts failed with the public. He wrote two plays, both of which failed. Walpole next describes Robertson the historian in these high-colored terms, "as

sagacious and penetrating as Tacitus, with a perspicuity of Livy;" qualities which every one else knows to be directly the reverse of those which characterize Robertson. That very impudent woman, Catharine Macaulay, seems also to have been one of the objects of his literary admiration. He describes her, as being as partial in the cause of liberty as bigots to the church and royalists to tyranny, and as exerting manly strength with the gravity of a philosopher.

But Walpole is always amusing when he gives anecdotes of passing things. The famous Brentford election finds in him its most graphic historian. The most singular carelessness was exhibited by the government on this most perilous occasion—a carelessness obviously arising from that contempt which the higher ranks of the nobility in those days were weak enough to feel for the opinion of those below them. On the very verge of an election, within five miles of London, and which must bring to a point all the exasperation of years; Camden, the chancellor, went down to Bath, and the Duke of Grafton, the prime minister, who was a great horse-racer, drove off to Newmarket. Mansfield, whom Walpole seems to have hated, and whom he represents as at "once resentful, timorous, and subtle," the three worst qualities of the heart, the nerves, and the understanding, pretended that it was the office of the chancellor to bring the outlaw (Wilkes) to justice, and did nothing. The consequence was, that the multitude were left masters of the field.

On the morning of the election, while the irresolution of the court and the negligence of the prime minister caused a neglect of all precautions, the populace took possession of all the turnpikes and avenues leading to the hustings by break of day, and would suffer no man to pass who did not wear in his hat a blue cockade, with "Wilkes and Number 45," on a written paper. Riots took place in the streets, and the carriage of Sir William Proctor, the opposing candidate, was demolished. The first day's poll for Wilkes was 1200, for Proctor 700, for Cooke 300. It must be remembered, that in these times the elections were capable of being prolonged from week to week, and that the first day was regarded as scarcely more than a formality. At night the west-end was in an uproar. It was not safe to pass through Piccadilly. Every house was compelled to illuminate; the windows of all which did not exhibit lights were broken; the coach-glasses of such as did not huzza for "Wilkes and liberty" were broken; and the panels of the carriages were scratched with 45! Lord Weymouth, the secretary of state, wrote to Justice Fielding for constables. Fielding answered, that they were all gone to Brentford. On this, the guards were drawn out. The mob then attacked Lord Bute's house and Lord Egmont's, but without being able to force an entrance. They compelled the Duke of Northumberland to give them liquor to drink Wilkes' health. Ladies of rank were taken out of their sedan-chairs, and ordered to join the popular cry. The lord-mayor was an anti-Wilkite—the mob attacked the mansion-house, and broke the windows. He ordered out the trained bands; they had no effect. Six thousand weavers had risen under the Wilkite banner, and defied all resistance. Even some of the regimental drummers beat their drums for Wilkes! His force at the election was evidently to be resisted no longer. The ministerial candidate was beaten, Wilkes

threw in his remaining votes for Cooke, and they came in together. The election was thus over on the second day, but the mob paraded the metropolis at night, insisting on a general illumination. The handsome Duchess of Hamilton, one of the Gunninges, who had now become quite a Butte, was determined not to illuminate. The result was, that the mob grew outrageous, broke down the outward gates with iron-crows, tore up the pavement of the street, and battered the doors and shutters for three hours; fortunately without being able to get in. The Count de Sollein, the Austrian ambassador, the most stately and ceremonious of men, was taken out of his coach by the mob, who chalked 45 on the sole of his shoe! He complained in form of the insult. Walpole says, fairly enough, "it was as difficult for the ministers to help laughing as to give him redress."

Walpole frequently alludes to the two Gunninges as the two handsomest sisters of their time. They were Irish-women, fresh-colored, lively, and well-formed, but obviously more indebted to nature than to education. Lady Coventry died young, and had the misfortune, even in her grave, of being made the subject of an epitaph by Mason, one of the most listless and languid poets of an unpoetic time. The Duchess of Hamilton survived to a considerable age, and was loaded with matrimonial honors. She first married the Duke of Hamilton. On his death, she married the Marquis of Lorn, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, whom he succeeded in the title—thus becoming mother of the heirs of the two great rival houses of Hamilton and Argyll. While in her widowhood, she had been proposed for by the Duke of Bridgewater. Lady Coventry seems to have realized Pope's verses of a dying belle—

"And, Betty, give this cheek a little red,
One would not, sure, look ugly when one's dead."

"Till within a few days of her death, she lay on a couch with a looking-glass in her hand. When she found her beauty, which she idolized, was quite gone, she took to her bed, and would be seen by nobody, not even by her nurse, suffering only the light of a lamp in her room."

Walpole's description of the ministry adds strikingly to the contemptuous feeling naturally generated by their singular ill success. We must also observe, as much to the discredit of the past age as to the honor of the present; that the leading men of the day exhibited or affected a depravity of morals, which would be the ruin of any public character at the present time. Many of the scenes in high life would have been fitter for the court of Charles II., and many of the actors in those scenes ought to have been cashiered from public employment. Personal profligacy seems actually to have been regarded as a species of ornamental appendage to public character; and, except where its exposure sharpened the sting of an epigram, or gave an additional flourish to the periods of a political writer, no one seems to have conceived that the grossest offences against morality were of the nature of crime. Another scandal seems to have been frequent—intemperance in wine. Hard drinking was common in England at that period, and was even regarded as the sign of a generous spirit; but nearly all the leading politicians who died early, are described as owing their deaths to excess. Those are fortunate dis-

tinctions for the days which have followed; and the country may justly congratulate itself on the abandonment of habits, which, deeply tending to corrupt private character, render political baseness the almost inevitable result among public men.

Walpole promptly declares, that half the success of Wilkes was owing to the supineness of the ministers. He might have gone further, and fixed his charge on higher grounds. He ought to have said, that the whole was owing to the mingled treachery and profligacy which made the nation loathe the characters of public parties and public men. Walpole says, in support of his assertion—"that Lord Chatham would take no part in business; that the Duke of Grafton neglected everything, and whenever pressed to be active threatened to resign; that the Chancellor Camden, placed between two such intractable friends, with whom he was equally discontented, avoided dipping himself further; that Conway, no longer in the duke's confidence, and more hurt with neglect than pleased with power, stood in the same predicament; that Lord Gower thought of nothing but ingratiating himself at St. James'; and though what little business was done was executed by Lord Weymouth, it required all Wood's, the secretary's, animosity to Wilkes, to stir him up to any activity. Wood even said, 'that if the king should pardon Wilkes, Lord Weymouth would not sign the pardon.' The chief magistrate of the city, consulting the chancellor on what he should do if Wilkes should stand for the city, and being answered that he 'must consult the recorder,' Harley sharply replied, 'I consulted your lordship as a minister, I don't want to be told my duty.'"

Some of the most interesting portions of these volumes are the notes, giving brief biographical sketches of the leading men. The politics have comparatively passed away, but the characters remain; and no slight instruction is still to be derived from the progressive steps by which the individuals rose from private life to public distinction. The editor, Sir Denis la Marchant, deserves no slight credit for his efforts to give authenticity to those notices. He seems to have collected his authorities from every available source; and what he has compiled with the diligence of an editor, he has expressed with the good taste of a gentleman.

The commencement of a parliament is always looked to with curiosity, as the debut of new members. All the expectations which have been formed by favoritism, family, or faction, are then brought to the test. Parliament is an unerring tribunal, and no charlatanism can cheat its searching eye. College reputations are extinguished in a moment, the common-places of the hustings can avail no more, and the pamperings of party only hurry its favorites to more rapid decay.

Mr. Phipps, the son of Lord Mulgrave, now commenced his career. By an extraordinary taste, though bred a seaman, he was so fond of quoting law, that he got the sobriquet of the "marine lawyer." His knowledge of the science (as the annotator observes) could not have been very deep, for he was then but twenty-two. But he was an evidence of the effect of indefatigable exertion. Though a dull debater, he took a share in every debate, and he appears to have taken the pains of revising his speeches for the press. Yet even under his nursing, they exhibit

no traces of eloquence. His manner was inanimate, and his large and heavy figure gained him the luckless appellation of *Ursa Major*, (to distinguish him from his brother, who was also a member.) As if to complete the amount of his deficiencies, his voice was particularly inharmonious, or rather it was two distinct voices, the one strong and hoarse, the other weak and querulous; both of which he frequently used. On this was constructed the waggish story—that one night, having fallen into a ditch, and calling out in his shrill voice, a countryman was coming up to assist him; when Phipps calling out again in his hoarse tone, the man exclaimed—“If there are two of you in the ditch, you may help each other out!”

One of his qualities seems to have been a total insensibility to his own defects; which therefore suffered him to encounter any man, and every man, whatever might be their superiority. Thus, in his early day, his dulness constantly encountered Lord North, the most dexterous wit of his time. Thus, too, in his maturer age, he constantly thrust himself forward to meet the indignant eloquence of Fox; and seems to have been equally unconscious that he was ridiculed by the sarcastic pleasantry of one, or blasted by the lofty contempt of the other. Yet, such is the value of perseverance, that this man was gradually regarded as important in the debates, that he wrought out for himself an influence in the house, and obtained finally the office of joint paymaster, one of the most lucrative under government, and a British peerage. And all this toil was undertaken by a man who had no children.

At his death, he was succeeded in his Irish title by his brother Henry, who became first lord of the admiralty, and also obtained an English peerage. The present Marquis of Normandy is his eldest son.

Parliamentary history sometimes gives valuable lessons, in exhibiting the infinite folly of parliamentary prediction. It will scarcely be believed, in a day like ours, which has seen and survived the French Revolution, that the chief theme of the period, and especial terror of the opposition, was the conquest of Corsica by the French! Ministers seem to have been deterred from a war with the French monarchy, solely by the dislocated state of the cabinet; while the opposition declared, that the possession of Corsica by the French, would be “the death-blow to our influence in the Mediterranean.” With Corsica in French hands, it was boldly pronounced that “France would receive an accession of power which nothing could shake; and they scarcely hesitated to say, that upon the independence of Corsica rested not merely the supremacy but the safety of England.” Yet the French conquered Corsica (at a waste of money ten times worth its value to their nation, and at a criminal waste of life, both French and Corsican) without producing the slightest addition to the power of the monarchy, and with no slight disgrace to the honor of its arms. For, the Corsicans, the most savage race of the Italian blood, and accustomed to the use of weapons from their childhood, fought with the boldness of all men fighting for their property, and routed the troops of France in many a successive and desperate encounter. Still, the combat was too unequal; the whole force of a great monarchy was obviously too strong for the hope of successful resistance, and Corsica, after many a severe struggle, became a French territory. But, beyond this barren honor

the war produced no fruit, except a deeper consciousness of the unsparing ambition of the monarchy, and of the recklessness with which it sacrificed all considerations of humanity and justice, to the tinsel of a military name. One fatal gift, however, Corsica made, in return to France. From it came, within a few years, the man who sealed the banishment of the Bourbons! and, tempting France by the ambition of military success, inflicted upon her the heaviest mortality, and the deepest shame known in any kingdom, since the fall of the Roman empire. Whether this were that direct retribution for innocent blood, which Providence has so often inflicted upon guilty nations, or whether it were merely one of those extraordinary casualties which circumstances make so impressive, there can be no question, that the man came from Corsica who inflicted on France the heaviest calamities that she had ever known; who, after leading her armies over Europe, to conquests which only aroused the hatred of all nations, and after wasting the blood of hundreds of thousands of her people in victories totally unproductive but of havoc; saw France twice invaded, and brought the nation under the ban of the civilized world!

France is at this moment pursuing the same course in Algiers, which was the pride of her politicians in Corsica. She is pouring out her gigantic force, to overwhelm the resistance of peasants who have no defence but their naked bravery. She will probably subdue the resistance; for what can be done by a peasantry against the disciplined force and vast resources of a great European power, applied to this single object of success? But, barbarian as the Moor and the Arab are, and comparatively helpless in the struggle, the avenger may yet come, to teach the throne of France, that there is a power higher than all thrones; a tribunal to which the blood cries out of the ground.

The death of Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, excites a few touches of Walpole's sarcastic pen. He says, “that his early life had shown his versatility, his latter his ambition. But hypocrisy not being parts, he rose in the church without ever making a figure in the state.” So much for anti-thesis. There is no reason why a clergyman should make a figure in the state under any circumstances; and the less figure he made in the state, as it was then constituted, the more likely he was to be fitted for the church. But the true censure on Secker would have been, that he rose, without making a figure in anything; that he had never produced any work worthy of notice as a divine; that he had neither eloquence in the pulpit, nor vigor with the pen; that he seems to have been at all times a man of extreme mediocrity; that his qualifications with the ministry were, his being a neutral on all the great questions of the day; and his merits with posterity were, that he possessed power without giving offence. A hundred such men might have held the highest positions of the church, without producing the slightest effect on the public mind; or might have been left in the lowest, without being entitled to accuse the injustice of fortune. His successor was Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield, raised to the primacy by the Duke of Grafton, who, as Walpole says, “had a friendship for the bishop's nephew, Earl Cornwallis.” This seems not altogether the most sufficient reason for placing a man at the head of the Church of England, but we must take the reason such as we find it. Walpole adds, that

the nomination had, however, the merit of disappointing a more unsuitable candidate, Ternet of London, whom he describes as "the most time-serving of the clergy, and sorely chagrined at missing the archiepiscopal mitre."

It was rather unlucky for the public estimate of royalty, that, at this moment of popular irritation, the young King of Denmark should have arrived in England. He had married the king's youngest sister, and making a sort of tour of Europe, he determined to visit the family of his wife. His proposal was waived by the king, who excused himself by the national confusions. But the young Dane, scarcely more than a giddy boy, and singularly self-willed, was not to be repelled; and he came. Nothing could be colder than his reception; not a royal carriage, not an officer of the court, was sent to meet him. He arrived at St. James' even in a hired carriage. Neither king nor queen was there. The only mark of attention paid to him was giving him an apartment, and supplying him and his suite with a table. Walpole observes that this sullen treatment was as impolitic as it was inhospitable; that the Dane was then actually a pensioner of France, and, of course, it would have been wise to win him out of its hands. But the Danish king seems to have been little better than a fool; and between his frolics and his follies, he finally produced a species of revolution in his own country. All power fell into the hands of his queen, who, though of a bolder nature, seems to have been scarcely less frantic than himself. On the visit of her mother, the Princess of Wales, to Denmark, the queen met her, at the head of a regiment, dressed in full uniform, and wearing buckskin breeches. She must have been an extraordinary figure altogether, for she had grown immensely corpulent. Court favoritism was the fashion in Denmark, and the king and queen were equally ruled by favorites. But, in a short period, a young physician of the household managed both, obtaining peculiarly the confidence of the queen. Scandal was not idle on this occasion, and Germany and England rang with stories of the court of Denmark. The physician was soon created a noble, and figured for a while as the prime minister, or rather sovereign of the kingdom, by the well-known title of Count Struensee. A party was formed against him by the queen-mother, at the head of some of the nobility. The queen was made prisoner, and died in prison. Struensee was tried as a traitor, and beheaded. The king was finally incapacitated from reigning, and his son was raised to the regency. This melancholy transaction formed one of the tragedies of Europe; but it had the additional misfortune of occurring at a time when royalty had begun to sink under the incessant attacks of the revolutionists, and France, the leader of public opinion on the continent, was filled with opinions contemptuous of all thrones.

The year 1768 exhibited France in her most humiliating position before Europe. The Duc de Choiseul was the minister—a man of wit, elegance, and accomplishment; but too frivolous to follow, if he had not been too ignorant to discover, the true sources of national greatness. His foreign policy was intrigue, and his domestic policy the favoritism of the court by administering to its vices. He raised a war between the Russians and Turks, and had the mortification of seeing his *protégé* the Turk trampled by the armies of his rival the Czarina. Even the Corsicans had degraded the

military name of France. But he had a new peril at home. Old Marshal Richelieu—who, as Walpole sarcastically observes, "had retained none of his faculties, but that last talent of a decayed Frenchman, a spirit of back-stairs intrigue"—had provided old Louis XV. with a new mistress. Of all the persons of this character who had made French royal life scandalous in the eyes of Europe, this connection was the most scandalous. It scandalized even France. This mistress was the famous Countess du Barri—a wretched creature, originally of the very lowest condition; whose vices would have stained the very highest; and who, in the convulsions of the reign that followed, was butchered by the guillotine.

In November of this year died the Duke of Newcastle, at the age of seventy-five. He had been struck with palsy some months before, and then for the first time withdrew from public life. Walpole observes, that his life had been a proof that, "even in a free country, great abilities are not necessary to govern it." Industry, perseverance, and intrigue, gave him that duration of power "which shining talents, and the favor of the crown, could not secure to Lord Granville, nor the first rank in eloquence, or the most brilliant services, to Lord Chatham. Rashness overset Lord Granville's parts, and presumptuous impracticability Lord Chatham; while adventitious cunning repaired Newcastle's folly." Such is the explanation of one of the most curious phenomena of the time, by one of its most ingenious lookers-on. But the explanation is not sufficient. It is impossible to conceive, how mere cunning could have sustained any man for a quarter of a century in the highest ministerial rank; while that rank was contested from day to day by men of every order of ability. Since the days of Bolingbroke, there have been no examples of ministerial talent, equal to those exhibited, in both houses, in the day of the Duke of Newcastle. Chatham was as ambitious as any man that ever lived, and full of the faculties that make ambition successful. The Butes, the Bedfords, the Hollands, the Shelburnes, exhibited every shape and shade of cabinet dexterity, of court cabal, of popular influence, and of political knowledge and reckless intrigue. Yet the Duke of Newcastle, with remarkable personal disadvantages—a ridiculous manner, an ungainly address, speech without the slightest pretension to eloquence, and the character of extreme ignorance on general subjects—preserved his power almost to the extreme verge of life; and to the last was regarded as playing a most important part in the counsels of the country. Unless we believe in magic, we must believe that this man, with all his oddity of manner, possessed some remarkable faculty, by which he saw his way clearly through difficulties impervious to more showy minds. He must have deeply discovered the means of attaching the monarch, of acting upon the legislature, and of controlling the capriciousness of the people. He must have had practical qualities of a remarkable kind; and his is not the first instance, in which such qualities, in the struggles of government, bear away the prize. Thus, in later times, we have seen Lord Liverpool minister for eleven years, and holding power with a firm, yet quiet grasp to the last; with the whole strength of Lord Grey and the whigs struggling for it in front, and George Canning, a still more dangerous enemy, watching for it in the rear.

In one of the notes referring to the appointment

of Earl Cornwallis to the vice-treasuryship of Ireland, the editor makes a remark which ought not to pass without strong reprehension. Earl Cornwallis, towards the close of the Irish rebellion in 1798, had been made chief governor of Ireland, at the head of a large army, for the purpose of extinguishing the remnants of the rebellion, and restoring the country to the habits of peace. The task was no longer difficult, but he performed his part with dignity and moderation. He had been sent expressly for the purpose of pacifying the country, an object which would have been altogether inconsistent with measures of violence; but the editor, in telling us that his conduct exhibited sagacity and benevolence, hazards the extraordinary assertion, that "he was one of the few statesmen who inculcated the necessity of forbearance and concession in that misgoverned country!" Nothing can be more erroneous than this statement in point of principle, or more ignorant in point of fact. For the last hundred years and upwards, dating from the cessation of the war with James II., Ireland had been the object of perpetual concessions, and, if misgoverned at all, it has been such by the excess of those concessions. It is to be remembered, that in the Reign of William I. the Roman Catholics were in actual alliance with France, and in actual arms against England. They were next beaten in the field, and it was the business of the conquerors to prevent their taking arms again. From this arose the penal laws. To those laws we are not friendly; because we are not friendly to any attempt at the suppression even of religious error by the force of the state. It was a political blunder, and an offence to Christian principle, at the same time; but the Papist is the last man in the world who has a right to object to penal laws; for he is the very man who would have enacted them himself against the Protestant—who always enacts them where he has the power—and from the spirit of whose laws, the British legislature were in fact only borrowing at the moment. Yet from the time when James II. and his family began to sink into insignificance, the legislature began to relax the penal laws. Within the course of half a century, they had wholly disappeared; and thus the editor's slipshod assertion, that Earl Cornwallis was one of the few statesmen who inculcated the necessity of forbearance and concession, exhibits nothing but his whiggish ignorance on the subject. The misgovernment of Ireland, if such existed, was to be laid to the charge of neither the English minister nor the English people. The editor probably forgets, that during that whole period she was governed by her own parliament; while her progress during the second half of the 18th century was memorably rapid, and prosperous in the highest degree, through the bounties, privileges, and encouragements of every kind, which were constantly held out to her by the British government. And that so early as the year 1780, she was rich enough to raise, equip, and support a volunteer army of nearly a hundred thousand men—a measure unexampled in Europe, and which would probably task the strength of some of the most powerful kingdoms even at this day. And all this was previous to the existence of what is called the "patriot constitution."

Walpole has the art of painting historic characters to the life; but he sadly extinguishes the romance with which our fancy so often enrobes them. We have been in the habit of hearing Pas-

cal Paoli, the chief of the Corsicans, described as the model of a republican hero; and there can be no question, that the early resistance of the Corsicans cost the French a serious expenditure of men and money. But Walpole charges Paoli with want of military skill, and even with want of that personal intrepidity so essential to a national leader. At length, Corsican resistance being overpowered by the constant accumulation of French force, Paoli gave way, and, as Walpole classically observes, "not having fallen like Leonidas, did not despair like Cato." Paoli had been so panegyricized by Boswell's work, that he was received with almost romantic applause. The opposition adopted him for the sake of popularity, but ministers took him out of their hands by a pension of £1000 a year. "I saw him," says Walpole, "soon after his arrival, dangling at court. He was a man of decent deportment, and so void of anything remarkable in his aspect, that, being asked if I knew who he was, I judged him a Scotch officer—for he was sandy complexioned and in regimentals—who was cautiously awaiting the moment of promotion." All this is in Walpole's style of fashionable impertinence; but there can be no doubt that Paoli was a brave man, and an able commander. He gave the French several severe defeats, but the contest was soon too unequal, and Paoli withdrew to this country; which was so soon after to be a shelter to the aristocracy of the country which had stained his mountains with blood.

By a singular fate, on his return to France in an early period of the revolution, he was received with a sort of national triumph, and actually appointed lieutenant-general of Corsica by the nation which had driven him into exile. In the war which followed, Paoli, disgusted by the tyranny of French republicanism, and alarmed by the violence of the native factions, proposed to put his country under the protection of the English government. A naval and military force was sent to Corsica, and the island was annexed to the British crown. But the possession was not maintained with rational vigor. The feeble armament was found unequal to resist the popular passion for republicanism. And, from this expenditure of troops, and probably still more from the discovery that the island would be wholly useless, the force was altogether withdrawn. Paoli returned to England, where he died, having attained the advanced age of eighty. His red hair and sandy complexion are probably fatal to his character as an Italian chieftain. But if his locks were not black, his heart was bold; and if his lip wanted mustaches, his mind wanted neither sagacity nor determination.

Walpole was born for a cynic philosopher. He treats men of all ranks with equal scorn. From Wilkes to George III., he brands them all. Ministers meet no mercy at his hands. He ranges them, as the Sultan used to range heads on the spikes of the seraglio, for marks for his arrows. His history is a species of movable panorama; the scene constantly shifting, and every scene a burlesque of the one that went before; or perhaps the more faithful similitude would be found in a volume of H.B.'s ingenious caricatures, where all the likenesses are preserved, though perverted, and all the dexterity of an accomplished pencil is employed only in making its subjects ridiculous. He thus tells us:—"The Duke of Grafton was the fourth prime minister in seven years, who fell

by his own fault. Lord Bute was seized with a panic, and ran away from his own victory. Grenville was undone by his insolence, by joining in the insult on the princess, and by his persecution of Lord Bute and Mackenzie. Lord Rockingham's incapacity overturned him; and now the Duke of Grafton destroyed a power which it had depended on himself to make as permanent as he could desire." But rash and rapid as those changes were, what were the grave intrigues of the English cabinet to the *boudoir* ministries of France? Walpole is never so much in his element, as when he is sporting in the fussy frivolities of the Faubourg St. Germain. He was much more a Frenchman than an Englishman; his love of gossip, his passion for haunting the society of talkative old women, and his delight at finding himself revelling in a region of *petits soupers*, court gallantries, and the faded indiscretions of court beauties in the wane, would have made him a rival to the courtiers of Louis XIV.

Perhaps, the world never saw, since the days of Sardanapalus, a court so corrupt, wealth so profligate, and a state of society so utterly contemptuous of even the decent affectation of virtue, as the closing years of the reign of Louis XV. A succession of profligate women ruled the king, a similar succession ruled the cabinet; lower life was a sink of corruption; the whole a romance of the most scandalous order. Madame de Pompadour, a woman whose vice had long survived her beauty, and who ruled the decrepit heart of a debauched king, had made Choiseul minister. Choiseul was the beau-ideal of a French noble of the old régime. His ambition was boundless, his insolence ungoverned, his caprice unrestrained, and his love of pleasure predominant even over his love of power. "He was an open enemy, but a generous one; and had more pleasure in attaching an enemy, than in punishing him. Whether from gaiety or presumption, he was never dismayed; his vanity made him always depend on the success of his plans, and his spirits made him soon forget the miscarriage of them."

At length appeared on the tapis the memorable Madame du Barri! For three months, all the faculties of the court were absorbed in the question of her public presentation. Indulgent as the courtiers were to the habits of royal life, the notoriety of Madame du Barri's early career, startled even their flexible sense of etiquette. The ladies of the court, most of whom would have been proud to have taken her place, determined "that they would not appear at court if she should be received there." The king's daughters (who had borne the ascendancy of Madame du Pompadour in their mother's life) grew outrageous at the new favorite; and the relatives of Choiseul insisted upon it, that he should resign rather than consent to the presentation. Choiseul resisted, yielded, was insulted for his resistance, and was scoffed at for his submission. He finally retired, and was ridiculed for his retirement. Du Barri triumphed. Epigrams and *calembours* blazed through Paris. Every one was a wit for the time, and every wit was a rebel. The infidel faction looked on at the general dissolution of morals with delight, as the omen of general overthrow. The Jesuits rejoiced in the hope of getting the old king into their hands, and terrifying him, if not into a proselyte, at least into a tool. Even du Barri herself was probably not beyond their hopes; for the established career of a king's mistress was, to turn *dévôte* on the decay of her personal attractions.

Among Choiseul's intentions was that of making war on England. There was not the slightest ground for a war. But it is a part of the etiquette of a Frenchman's life, that he must be a warrior, or must promote a war, or must dream of a war. M. Guizot is the solitary exception in our age, as M. Fleury was the solitary exception in the last; but Fleury was an ecclesiastic, and was eighty years old besides—two strong disqualifications for a conqueror. But the king was then growing old, too; his belligerent propensities were absorbed in quarrels with his provincial parliaments; his administrative faculties found sufficient employment in managing the morals of his mistresses; his private hours were occupied in pelting Du Barri with sugar-plums; and thus his days wore away without that supreme glory of the old régime—a general war in Europe.

The calamities of the French noblesse at the period of the revolution, excited universal regret; and the sight of so many persons, of graceful manners and high birth, flung into the very depths of destitution in foreign lands, or destroyed by the guillotine at home, justified the sympathy of mankind. But, the secret history of that noblesse was a fearful stigma, not only on France, but on human nature. Vice may have existed to a high degree of criminality in other lands; but in no other country of Europe, or the earth, ever was vice so public, so ostentatiously forced upon the eyes of man, so completely formed into an established and essential portion of fashionable and courtly life. It was even the *etiquette*, that the King of France should have a *mistress*. She was as much a part of the royal establishment as a prime minister was of the royal councils; and, as if for the purpose of offering a still more contemptuous defiance to the common decencies of life, the etiquette was, that this mistress should be a *married woman*! Yet in that country the whole ritual of Popery was performed with scrupulous exactness. A vast and powerful clergy filled France; and the ceremonials of the national religion were performed continually before the court, with the most rigid formality. The king had his confessor, and, so far as we can discover, the mistress had her confessor too; the nobles attended the royal chapel, and also had their confessors. The confessional was never without royal and noble solicitors of monthly, or, at the furthest, quarterly absolution. Still, from the whole body of ecclesiastics, France heard no remonstrance against those public abominations. Their sermons, few and feeble, sometimes declaimed on the vices of the beggars of Paris, or the riots among the peasantry; but no sense of scriptural responsibility, and no natural feeling of duty, ever ventured to deprecate the vices of the nobles and the scandals of the throne.

We must give but a fragment, from Walpole's *catalogue raisonné*, of this court of Paphos. It had been the king's object to make some women of rank introduce Madame du Barri at court; and he had found considerable difficulty in this matter, not from her being a woman of no character, but from her being a woman of no birth, and whose earlier life had been spent in the lowest condition of vice. The king at last succeeded—and these are the *chaperons*. "There was Madame de l'Hôpital, an ancient mistress of the Prince de Soubise! The Comtesse Valentinois, of the highest birth, very rich, but very foolish; and as far from a Lucretia as Madame Du Barry herself! Madame de Flavacourt was another, a suitable companion to both in virtue and understanding. She was sister to three

of the king's earliest mistresses, and had aimed at succeeding them! The Maréchale Duchess de Mirpoix was the last, and a very important acquisition." Of her, Walpole simply mentions that all her talents were "drowned in such an overwhelming passion for play, that though she had long and singular credit with the king, she reduced her favor to an endless solicitation for money to pay her debts." He adds, in his keen and amusing style—"That, to obtain the post of *dame d'honneur* to the queen, she had left off *red* (wearing rouge,) and acted *dévoction*; and the very next day was seen riding with Madame de Pompadour (the king's mistress) in the latter's coach!" The editor settles the question of her morality, too.—"She was a woman of extraordinary wit and cleverness, but totally *without character*." She had her morals by inheritance: for she was the daughter of the *mistress* of the Duke of Lor-

raine, who married her to Monsieur de Beauvan, a poor noble, and whom the duke got made a prince of the empire, by the title of De Craon. Now, all those were females of the highest rank in France, ladies of fashion, the stars of court life, and the models of national manners. Can we wonder at the retribution which cast them out into the highways of Europe! Can we wonder at the ruin of the corrupted nobility! Can we wonder at the massacre of the worldly church, which stood looking on at those vilenesses, and yet never uttered a syllable against them, if it did not even share in their excesses! The true cause for astonishment is, not in the depth of their fall; but in its delay; not in the severity of the national judgment, but in that long-suffering which held back the thunder-bolt for a hundred years, and even then did not extinguish the generation at a blow!

THE LONELY MOTHER.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

My home is not what it hath been,
When the leaves of other years were green,
Though its hearth is bright and its chambers fair,
And the summer beams fall brightly there;
But they fall no more on the clear young eye,
And the lip of pleasant song,
And the gleamy night that was wont to lie
On the curls so dark and long.

O! pleasant is the voice of youth,
For it tells of the heart's confiding truth,
And keeps that free and fearless tone
That ne'er to our after years is known:
I hear it rise in each hamlet cot,
O'er evening prayer and page,
But woe for the hearth that heareth naught
But the dreary tones of age.

The glow is gone from our winter blaze,
And the light hath passed from our summer days;
And our dwelling hath no household now,
But the sad of heart and the grey of brow;
For its young lies low 'neath the churchyard tree,
Where the grass grows green and wild;
And thy mother's heart is sad for thee,
My lost, mine only child.

But a wakening music seems to flow
On me from the years of long ago,
As thy babe's first words come sweet and clear,
Like a voice from thy childhood to mine ear;
And her smile beams back on my soul again
Thy beauty's early morn,
Ere thine eyes grew dim with tears or pain,
Or thy lovely locks were shorn.

Alas! for the widowed eyes that trace
Their early lost in that orphan face.
What after light will his memory mark,
Like the dove, that in spring-time sought her ark!
For long in that far and better land
Were her spirit's treasures laid,
And she might not stay from its golden strand
For the love of hearts that fade.

But woe for her on whose path may shine
The light of no mother's love but mine,
O! well if that lonely path lead on
To the land where her mother's steps have gone—
The land where the aged find their youth,
And the young no whitening hair;
O! safe, my child, from both time and death,
Let us hope to meet thee there.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE OLD YEAR'S TRACK.

It hath sought that shadowy shore,
To the dreamer's memory known,
To the place of the years that come no more,
Hath the reless pilgrim flown.
And where shall a mortal searcher meet
The track of those swift and soundless feet?

In woods, where another spring
Its wealth of leaves have piled
O'er the silent cities mouldering
In the far-forgotten wild.
It hath cast a shadow of deeper gloom
O'er buried temple and ruined tomb.

On the hills of ancient snow,
Where another winter's might
Hath raised the rainbow towers that glow
On the lonely glacier's height;
Our hearths grow cold, and our temples hoar,
But they grow in their glory evermore.

In the deep, where rocky isles
Have risen above the foam,
It hath woke the first faint green that smiles
By some future monarch's home;
But the bark sent forth with hope and prayer,
Lies low in the coral caverns there.

In the city, where the tide
Of life rolls strong and deep,
No trace by Time's passing footsteps made
Will those troubled waters keep;
For wealth, and waste, and want sweep on,
As they swept through the years of ages gone.

But, oh! in many a heart
Of that deep, unsounded wave,
It hath left a trace that will ne'er depart;
Though the streams of far time lave
The ruins, and with blossoms fill
Their wastes, they will be but ruins still.

Perchance of forsaken love,
Perchance of forgotten truth;
Or, it may be, an unforgotten grave,
Where they laid the locks of youth,
With hopes that have died when bright and high,
Or memories dark that can never die.

And thus have the years of earth
In their silence sped away,
Yet the world unwearied, still looks forth
For the light of a better day;
And oh! that each swiftly closing year
Might bring the dawn of that day more near.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ABOUT A CHRISTMAS BOOK.*

IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH
TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

The Deanery, November 25.

AT this season of approaching Christmas, when tender mothers are furbishing up the children's bed-rooms, and airing the mattresses which those little darlings, (now counting the days at Dr. Swishtail's Academy, or the Misses Backboard's Finishing Establishment,) are to occupy for six happy weeks, we have often, dear Mr. Yorke, examined the beautiful store of gilt books with pretty pictures which begin to glitter on Mr. Nickisson's library-table, and selected therefrom a store of presents for our numerous young friends. It is a pleasant labor. I like the kindly produce which Paternoster Row sends forth at this season. I like Christmas books, Christmas pantomimes, mince-pies, snap-dragon, and all Christmas fruit; for though you and I can have no personal gratification in the two last-named deleterious enjoyments—to eat that abominable compound of currants, preserves, and puff-paste, which infallibly results in a blue pill, or to dip in a dish of inflamed brandy for the purpose of fishing out scalding raisins which we don't like—yet it gives us pleasure to see the young people so occupied—a melancholy and tender pleasure. We indulge in pleasant egotisms of youthful reminiscence. The days of our boyhood come back again. The holy holidays! How much better you remember those days than any other. How sacred their happiness is; how keen even at this minute their misery. I forget whether I have told elsewhere the story of my friend, Sir John C—. He came down to breakfast with rather a disturbed and pallid countenance. His lady affectionately asked the cause of his disquiet. "I have had an unpleasant dream. I dreamed I was at Charter-House, and that Raine flogged me!" He is sixty-five years old. A thousand great events may have happened to him since that period of youthful fustigation. Empires have waxed and waned since then. He has come into £20,000 a year; Napoleon is dead since that period, and also the late Mr. Pitt. How many manly friends, hopes, cares, pleasures, have risen and died, and been forgotten! But not so the joys and pains of boyhood—the delights of the holidays are still as brilliant as ever to him, the buds of the school birch-rod still tickle bitterly the shrinking *os coccygis* of memory!

Do you not remember, my dear fellow, our own joy when the 12th came and we plunged out of school, not to see the face of Muzzle for six weeks! A good and illustrious boy were you, dear Oliver, and did your exercises, and mine too, with credit and satisfaction; but still it was a pleasure to turn your back upon Muzzle. Can you ever forget the glories of the beef-steak at the Bull and Mouth previous to going home; and the majestic way in which we ordered the port and pronounced it to be "ropy" or "fruity;" and criticised the cook as if we had been Joseph Bregon, cook to Prince Ransmausky! At twenty-five minutes past four precisely, the greys were in the coach; and the

guard comes in and says, "Now, gentlemen!" We lighted cigars magnanimously, (since marriage—long, long before his grace the Duke of Wellington's pathetic orders against smoking, we gave up the vile habit.) We take up the insides at the office in the Quadrant; and go bowling down Piccadilly on the road to Hounslow, Snow the guard playing "Home, Sweet Home," on the bugle. How clear it twangs on the ear even now! Can you ever forget the cold veal-pies at Bagshot, and the stout waiter with black tights, on the look-out for the coach as it came in to a minute? Jim Ward used to drive. I wonder where Jim is now. Is he gone? Yes, probably. Why the whole road is a ghost since then. The coaches and horses have been whisked up, and are passed away into Hades. The gaunt inns are tenantless; the notes of the horn that we used to hear tooting over Salisbury Plain as the dawn rose and the wind was nipping cold, are reverberating in endless space. Where are the jolly turnpike-men who used to come out as the lamps lighted up the white bars of the gates, and the horses were in a halo of smoke? How they used to go over the six miles between Honiton and Escot Lodge! and there—there on Fair Mile Hill is the little carriage waiting, and Home in it, looking out with sweet eyes—eyes, oh, how steadfast, and loving, and tender.

This sentimentalism may surprise my revered friend and annoy the public, who are not called upon to be interested in their humble servant's juvenile biography; but it all comes very naturally out of the opening discussion about Christmas and Christmas books in general, and of this book in particular, just published by Mr. Burns, the very best of all Christmas books. Let us say this, dear Yorke, who, in other days, have pitilessly trampled on *Forget-me-nots*, and massacred whole galleries of *Books of Beauty*. By the way, what has happened to the beauties? Is May Fair used up? One does not wish to say anything rude, but I would wager that any tea-party in Red Lion Square will turn out a dozen ladies to the full as handsome as the charmers with whose portraits we are favored this year. There are two in particular whom I really never—but let us not be too personal, and return to Mr. Burns' *Poems and Pictures*.

The charming *Lieder und Bilder* of the Dusseldorf painters has, no doubt, given the idea of the work. The German manner has found favor among some of our artists—the Puseyites of art, they may be called, in this country, such as Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Townsend, Horsley, &c.; who go back to the masters before Raphael, or to his own best time, (that of his youth,) for their models of grace and beauty. Their designs have a religious and ascetic, not a heathen and voluptuous tendency. There is with them no revelling in boisterous nudities like Rubens, no glowing contemplation of lovely forms as in Titian or Ety, but a meek, modest, and downcast demeanor. They appeal to tender sympathies, and deal with subjects of conjugal or maternal love, or charity, or devotion. In poetry, Goethe can't find favor in their eyes, but Uhland does. Milton is too vast for them, Shakspeare too earthy, but mystic Collins is a favorite; and gentle Cowper; and Alford sings pious hymns for them to the mild strains of his little organ.

The united work of these poets and artists is very well suited to the kind and gentle Christmas season. All the verses are not good, and some of

* *Poems and Pictures*; a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems, Ancient and Modern, including both Originals and Selections. With Designs on Wood by the Principal Artists. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1845. James Burns, Portman Street.

the pictures are but feeble; yet the whole impression of the volume is an exceedingly pleasant one. The solemn and beautiful forms of the figures; the sweet, soothing cadences and themes of the verse, affect one like music. Pictures and songs are surrounded by beautiful mystical arabesques, waving and twining round each page. Every now and then you light upon one which is so pretty, it looks as if you had put a flower between the leaves. You wander about and lose yourself amongst these pleasant labyrinths, and sit down to repose on the garden-bench of the fancy, (this is a fine image,) smelling the spring blossoms, and listening to the chirping birds that shoot about amidst the flickering sunshine, and the bending twigs and leaves. All this a man with the least imagination can do in the heart of winter, seated in the arm-chair by the fire, with the *Poems and Pictures* in his hand. What were life good for, dear Yorke, without that blessed gift of fancy? Let us be thankful to those kind spirits who minister to it by painting, or poetry, or music! When Mrs. Y. has sung a song of Haydn's to you, I have seen the tears of happiness twinkle in your eyes; and at certain airs of Mozart, have known the intrepid, the resolute, the stern Oliver to be as much affected as that soft-hearted Molly of a milk-maid mentioned by Mr. Wordsworth, who, moved by the singing of a blackbird, beheld a vision of trees in Lothbury, and a beautiful, clear Cumberland stream dashing down in the neighborhood of St. Mary Axe.

And this is the queer power of Art; that when you wish to describe its effect upon you, you always fall to describing something else. I cannot answer for it that a picture is not a beautiful melody; that a grand sonnet by Tennyson is not in reality a landscape by Titian; that the last *pas* by Taglioni is not a bunch of roses or an ode of Horace; but I am sure that the enjoyment of the one has straightway brought the other to my mind, and *vice versa*. Who knows that the blind man, who said that the sound of a trumpet was his idea of scarlet, was not perfectly right? Very likely the sound of a trumpet is scarlet. In the matter of this book of *Poems and Pictures*, I have never read prettier pictures than many of these verses are, or seen handsomer poems hung up in any picture-gallery. Mrs. Cope's poem of the "Village Stile" is the first piece as you enter the gallery:—

"Age sat upon 't when tired of straying,
And children that had been a-maying
There twined their garlands gay;
What tender partings, blissful meetings,
What faint denials, fond entreatings,
It witnessed in its day!

The milkmaid on its friendly rail
Would oftentimes rest her brimful pail,
And lingering there awhile,
Some lucky chance (that tell-tale cheek
Doth something more than chance bespeak!)
[The sly rogue!]
Brings Lubin to the stile.

But what he said or she replied,
Whether he asked her for his bride,
And she so sought was won,
There is no chronicle to tell;
For silent is the oracle,
The village stile is gone."

In the very midst of these verses, and from a hedge full of birds, and flowers, and creeping plants

tangling round them, the village stile breaks out upon you. There is Age sitting upon it, returning home from market; on t'other side the children, who have been maying, are twining their garlands. The cottage-chimney is smoking comfortably; the birds in the arabesque are making a great chirping and twittering; the young folks go in, the old farmer hobbles over the stile and has gone to supper; the evening has come, it is page 3. The birds in the arabesque have gone to roost; the sun is going down: the milkmaid is sitting on the stile now—beautiful, sweet, down-eyed, tender milkmaid!—and has her hand in Lubin's, somehow. Lubin is a capital name for him; a very meek, soft, handsome young fellow; just such a sentimental-looking spooney as a perverse lass would choose; and at page 4, the village stile is gone. And what is it we have in its stead, alackaday! What means that broken lily? How comes that young lady in the flowing bed-gown to be lying on the floor, her head upon the cushion of her praying stool? Alas, the lily is the emblem of a young lady! *Jeune fille et jeune fleur*, they are both done for. Woe is me, that two so young and beautiful should be nipped off thus suddenly, the Lady Lys and Fleur de Marie! *Sic jacent*, and Mr. Alford comes like a robin and pipes a dirge over the pair:—

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun.

Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue,
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thy hour of rest.

The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the Morn of thy Nativity
Had just begun to break."

A sad Christmas this, indeed! but the friends of Lady Mary must be consoled by the delightful picture which Mr. Dyce has left of her. How tenderly she lies there with folded palms, the typical lily bending sadly over her! Pretty, prim, and beatified, it would almost be disrespectful to mourn over such an angel.

But when we get to a real character—a real woman—(though no great beauty, if Mr. Horsley's portrait of her be a true one)—where we have a poet speaking a genuine feeling—Cowper writing on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk—a man's heart is very differently moved:—

"O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd by the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,

Affectionate, a mother lost so long;
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she."

How tender and true the verses are! How naturally the thoughts rise as the poet looks at the calm portrait; and the sacred days of childhood come rising back again to his memory. The very trivialities in subsequent parts of the poem betoken its authenticity, and bear witness to the naturalness of the emotion;—

"Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap:
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made;
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;—
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may!
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here."

Even that twaddling about biscuit and confectionary plum has a charm in it. You see the gentle lady busied in her offices of kindness for the timid, soft-hearted boy. "Wretch even then, life's journey just begun," conscience comes even there to disturb that delicate spirit, and embitter the best and earliest memorials of life. Mr. Horsley follows the painter down the text with delightful commentaries; he has illustrated the lines which a certain chair-maker has rendered abominably common, and shows us the gardener Robin leading the boy to school in scarlet mantle, and warm velvet cap. The kind mother is peering from the garden-gate before the parsonage, and the old church in the quiet village.

A great charm in the verses has always been to me, that he does not grieve too much for her. The kind, humble heart follows her up to heaven, and there meekly acknowledges her. "The son of parents passed into the skies," says the filial spirit, so humble that he doubted of himself only. The little churchyard sketch with which Mr. Horsley closes this sweet elegy is a delightful comment on it—the poem in the shape of a picture as it seems to me. One may muse over both for hours; and get nothing but the sweetest and kindest thoughts from either.

Whether it is that where the verses fail, the artists are feeble, or that a poor poem makes a discord, as it were, and destroys the harmony which

the concert of poet and painter ought to produce, I don't know; but if the verses are feeble, the pictures look somehow unsatisfactory by their side; and one believes in neither. Thus the next illustrated poem, "The tale of the Coast Guard," is too fine and pompous, and the accompanying picture by Redgrave equally unreal. "Sir Roland Graeme," with illustrations by Selous, very clever and spirited, affects me no way. I do not care if I see those theatrical fellows plunging and fighting with harmless broad-swords again. Whereas, at the next page, you come to some verses about a snow-drop, and a picture overhead of that small bulbous beauty—to look at both, which causes the greatest pleasure! All the pages adorned with natural illustrations are pleasant; such as the holly which figures by the famous old song of "When this old cap was new;" some buttercups which illustrate a subject as innocent, &c. Where there is violent action requisite the artists seem to fail, except in one, or couple of instances. Mr. Tenniel has given a gallant illustration of the ballad of "War comes with manhood, as light comes with day," in which drawing there is great fire and energy; and Mr. Corbould's "Wild Huntsman" has no little vigor and merit. His illustrations to the legend of Gilbert A'Beckett are quite tame and conventional. Mr. Tenniel's "Prince and Outlaw" represent a prince and outlaw of Astley's—the valorous Widdicomb and the intrepid Gomersal. The truth is that the ballads to which the pictures are appended are of the theatrical sort, and quite devoid of genuineness and simplicity.

But set them to deal with a real sentiment, and the artists appreciate it excellently. Witness Cope's delightful drawings to "The Mourner," his sweet figures to the sweet and plaintive old ballad of "Cumnor Hall." Townsend's excellent compositions to the "Miner;" Dyce's charming illustration of the "Christ-Cross Rhyme,"—in which page both poet and painter have perfectly reproduced the Catholic spirit:—

"Christ his cross shall be my speed!
Teach me, Father John, to read,
That in church on holy-day
I may chant the psalm, and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show,
With that bright Child in her hands,
Where the lovely Lady stands.

Teach me letters one, two, three,
Till that I shall able be
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesu's name.

Then, dear master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and matin-lay;
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross will be my speed."

A pretty imitation indeed. Copes and censers, stained-glass and choristers—all the middle-age paraphernalia, produced with an accuracy that is curiously perfect and picturesque. But, O my dearly beloved Oliver! what are these meek canticles and gentle nasal concerts compared to the full

sound which issues from the generous lungs when a poet begins to sing :—

" And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,
Hae pass'd atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa !"

Heaven bless the music ! it is a warm, manly, kindly heart that speaks there—a grateful, generous soul that looks at God's world with honest eyes, and trusts to them rather than to the blinking peepers of his neighbor. Such a man walking

the fields and singing out of his full heart is pleasanter to hear, to my mind, than a whole organ-loft full of Puseyites, or an endless procession of quavering shavelings from Littlemore.

But every bird has its note, from the blackbird on the thorn, to the demure pie that haunts cathedral yards, and, when caught, can be taught to imitate anything. Here you have a whole aviary of them. Cowper, that coos like a dove ; Collins, that complains like a nightingale : with others who might be compared to the brisk bulfinch, the polite canary, or the benevolent cock-robin ; each sings, chirps, twitters, cock-a-doodledoos in his fashion—a pleasant chorus ! And I recommend you, dear Yorke, and the candid reader to purchase the cage.

VERSES ON CHRISTMAS.

Addressed by the Poet Wordsworth, to his Brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth.

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves :
While, smitten by the lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings ;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of their strings :
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chord with strenuous hand.

And who but listened ?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim ;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And " merry Christmas " wished to all !

O Brother ! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills ;
And it is given thee to rejoice ;
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet would that thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite ;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light—
Which nature and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood, spread on ours !

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the dwelling of the poor.

How touching, when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep !
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence.

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more ;
Tears brightened by the serenade,
For infant in the cradle laid !

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,
The ground where we were born and reared !
Hail ! ancient manners ! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
Hail usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old !

From the Evening Mirror.

BETTER PROMPTINGS.

On ! I have known full many an hour,
Of this world's spirit-stirring mirth ;
Of wine and wit and woman's power—
The sparkle and the glow of earth.
E'en now my fingers press a cheek
Tinged with the blush of wild delight ;
And pulses droop, from passion weak—
I've fill'd a revel's space to-night.

They say wine is as light a tone,
As ever feather'd song or jest ;
And such smiles greet me,—if their own,
They surely would be proud and blest ;
Ay, mine *has been* as free a heart
As ever sped on worldling's pinion ;
And flown as daringly apart—
Of every lure the spoiled minion.

And yet, it was not ever so !
There was a time I scarce would deign,
From my lone path and high, to throw
A glance at pleasure's shadowy train.
Ambition ! thou wert all to me,
And well did'st nerve my spirit then,
To win thy noble heraldry,
And spurn the goal of common men !

But stars, grown lonely at their height,
Are sometimes seen to fall from heaven ;
And birds, o'er solemn seas in flight,
Down to island-homes have driven—
So souls that proudly are enspher'd
And dare the lofty realm of " *mind*,"
From their high home have disappear'd,
Some echo for the heart to find !

For me there is no fate so vain !—
Ye hopes that lit my boyhood's brow,
High dreams and pure, ye come again !
I feel your stirrings in me now !
And here, ere yet unto my ear,
Have died the song and laughter-swell,
I break from bondage, long and dear,
And wave thee, Pleasure ! gay farewell !

J. A. M.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE DEFENSIBLE STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WE are glad to find that the hints which we ventured last month to throw out in regard to the defenceless state of the country, and the consequences which, in the event of a sudden war, would inevitably follow, have been well received by men of all shades of political opinion. To be sure, there would have been as much cause of wonder as of regret had the case been otherwise. The question under discussion stood apart from all party feeling and party views, for there is no man, be his theory of civil government what it may, but would desire to keep the soil of his native country unpolluted by the foot of an enemy. But some little risk we seemed to run of being pointed at and denounced as alarmists, and it is, therefore, as gratifying to ourselves as it must be satisfactory to the right-minded among our readers to discover that this apprehension, had we suffered it to confirm itself, would have been misplaced. Moreover, we are encouraged to return to a subject which is not only not exhausted, but of which we, at least, have as yet touched but the beginning. And should our reasoning on the present occasion carry as much weight with it as our former arguments seem to have done, then shall we be satisfied that, in spite of the din of faction, which is too much and too continually in our ears, patriotism is not yet absolutely extinct among us.

There is no evil to which civilized men are liable so great as war. It is not in the mere array of army against army, or fleet against fleet, and in the loss of life, and the endless privations and sufferings to which individual combatants are exposed, that the extent of this evil shows itself. Undoubtedly, a campaign, whether by land or sea, is a serious matter to such as take part in it; while the unhappy province or kingdom which happens to afford the theatre in which operations are carried on suffers to an extent of which there is no power in human language to convey an adequate conception. Who that is old enough to remember the events of the late war will fail to bear testimony to this truth: the ruined houses, the fields laid waste; the towns ransacked, plundered, and burnt; the destruction that overtook property, person, the works of art and of nature, wherever columns moved or halted, fought or fled, conquered or sustained defeat! But even these things, hideous as they are to contemplate, constitute but a portion, and that by no means the most lamentable portion, of war's miseries. The minds of men, especially of those who with their money, rather than with their persons, help to maintain the strife, become narrowed, their hearts hardened, their tastes vitiated, as the struggle goes on. They learn, not to love, but to hate their neighbors; and in their very petitions to the throne of grace they pray that God will fight for them and against their enemies; that he will "abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices." Meanwhile science languishes and learning goes out of fashion. We have no time to investigate the remains of former worlds while our own is convulsed with the wrath of nations; and our most anxious schemings go little farther than to work out plans whereby some threatened inroad of the enemy may be resisted. Moreover, the seeds are sown of universal poverty, and its sure attendant, moral degradation, even while the public expenditure is the most lavish.

Look at Europe now. Thirty years of peace have not set her free from the effects of the wars of the French Revolution, and were another war to break out in the present day—as who shall undertake to say that it will not?—we defy any man to calculate the extent of mischief which it would occasion. Wherefore, it is the duty of all statesmen, especially of those to whose management the affairs of nations are committed, to render all their plans subservient to the attainment of one great end—namely, the preservation of peace throughout the whole world, if that be possible, but, at all events, in Europe, and in other quarters of the globe where European languages are spoken and European tastes and habits cultivated. Large sacrifices must be made on all sides in order to secure this end—sacrifices not only of desert frontier tracts and remote islands in the Pacific, but of national vanity, national prejudice, of everything, in short, except national honor. For one year of war is so expensive, even to the victor, that in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the object sought, and probably obtained by it, rarely covers the cost. And when we take into account the frightful sacrifice of human life, as well as the exasperation of anger that it occasions on both sides, surely he must have strange notions of right and wrong who can rejoice, even in victory.

It will not do, however, to rest our hopes of peace either on the arguments which prove war to be an evil, or on the general consent of mankind to their soundness. Nations, like individuals, and statesmen quite as much as private persons, are the creatures of passion and of prejudice to a greater extent than of reason; and old grudges or mistaken views of interest or of glory weigh with them quite as much as considerations either of political or of moral fitness. Indeed, the more we look into history, the more fully shall we be convinced that wars are never undertaken for the attainment of any end which might not be accomplished without them, unless the end sought be an unjust one, in which case one party, at least, is to blame. Two states, for example, are competitors, through their manufacturers, in the market of some third state; or they are rivals, through their merchants, for some commodity which is only to be procured at a distance; or their fishermen ply their trade upon the same bank; or they respectively covet some worthless rock in the middle of the ocean, because they fancy that it may be converted into an entrepôt, or a harbor of refuge, for their shipping. The right course to be pursued in each of these cases is obvious enough. Let the manufacturers of the one nation strive to outdo the manufacturers of the other in the excellency as well as the cheapness of their fabrics; let the merchants mutually strive to outbid, and the fishermen to outfish and outeure, one another. And for the possession of the rock, let the prime-ministers on both sides, if no more rational method suggest itself, toss up a penny, and abide the issue of the throw. The world at large will gain a good deal by such rivalry in regard to trade and manufactures, for art must grow out of it, and commerce continually widen its circle. And even the penny process, however derogatory to the pride of statesmen, is a harmless one. But is the matter ever arranged thus? No. Either an appeal is made at once to arms, or negotiations and protocols are drawn out from year to year, or umpires are called in, by whose decision the contending parties refuse to abide, or, abiding by it for the time being, they continue to brood over the imagin-

any wrong which they have suffered till a convenient opportunity occur of seeking redress. And in one and all of these events war is sure to follow. No doubt the longer this crowning calamity can be staved off the better it is for the people and the more honorable to their rulers; but even the putting off of the dark hour will hardly be effected unless your rivals, and indeed the whole world, know that it is not likely to come upon you unawares. For we take it to be an axiom, not more surely rooted in political wisdom than confirmed by universal experience, that the best guarantee of peace for a nation which desires to be at peace is to be found in its readiness at any moment to encounter war.

We took occasion in a previous paper to explain how it comes about that the application of steam to locomotive purposes, and especially to purposes of navigation, has affected the condition of England, considered as a belligerent power, to a far greater degree than that of any other nation under heaven. Up to a recent date our maritime superiority has been so decided and so universally acknowledged, that the idea of carrying the war into our towns and villages was never seriously entertained, even by the most implacable of our enemies. Napoleon himself no more thought of invading England than he did of executing a voyage to the moon. His huge camp and flotilla at Boulogne and Brest may have been assembled under some vague hope that possibly the elements might favor him, and that, if not, he would put us to an immense expense, while he had always disposable for war in Germany, or elsewhere, a practised and a veteran army. But his first endeavor to push out the gun-boats to sea demonstrated their unfitness to cope with the British fleet, and every future effort, if indeed his future efforts were sincere, more and more convinced him of the impracticability of the undertaking. A flotilla of gun-boats could not live in a storm, over which frigates and line-of-battle ships rode triumphant; and as to waiting till these latter were dispersed, and taking advantage of the opportunity, and pushing across, the thing was out of the question. Before the boats could emerge in sufficient numbers from the harbors which sheltered them the British fleet was together again, and then woe to the unhappy wight who might be rash enough to manœuvre, either by force or skill, to pass it! But what is the case now? Thirty moderate-sized steamboats will, in the course of a few hours, carry 30,000 men, with guns and stores enough, to the English coast; and the more perfect the calm and the darker the night, the more certain will they be to accomplish their purpose. We are still what we have long been, and it is no vain boast to add, we shall probably continue to be for centuries to come, the first naval power in the world. And our steam navy, if once brought to bear, would sweep from the surface of the ocean all the steam navies of all other nations combined. But we are not, on that account, so secure against having war brought home to our own doors as we once were, and unless we provide in time, and effectually too, against the calamity, it will surely overtake us.

Under these circumstances, and entertaining this belief, it gives us peculiar satisfaction to know that the government is not idle. Our great arsenals, as well as the mouths of our navigable rivers, are either undergoing the process, or are about to be fortified. Portsmouth is twice as strong in its sea face now as it was a year ago; Plymouth, though

less important, has not been overlooked. The Medway is about to be strengthened on both banks by works, which will place Sheerness, and of course Chatham, in comparative security; and below Woolwich the outlines of fortifications have been sketched, concerning which our sole apprehension is, that they will be found too extensive. And much need there was for this. Woolwich, the principal *dépôt* of all our artillery stores, has too long been open to the insults of an enterprising enemy. There is not at this moment a traverse, nor a redoubt, not even a screen or a breast-work, to cover the place, for we cannot account either Tilbury Fort or the wretched affair at Gravesend as anything. And were a couple of steam-frigates to breast the arsenal, we should like to know what front our gallant artillery could show to them. In the course of another year, however, all will probably be changed; and though we have not heard whether the same care is about to be extended to such places as Pembroke, we may fairly conclude that their more remote situations will hardly lead to their being entirely neglected.

Meanwhile, as if to prove to our neighbors that we are in earnest, the sites of harbors of refuge in the Channel are determined upon, and, which is not less necessary, a certain number of seventy-gun ships—a class no longer useful in the line of battle, have been directed to be razed and converted into steam-frigates propellable by the screw. This is a wise, as well as an economical precaution. The superior advantage of the screw over the paddle wheel as an instrument of propulsion consists mainly in this, that there is no impediment thrown by it in the way of the ship's sailing qualities; that by unshipping the screw you can work with her, under canvass, just as satisfactorily as if she carried no machinery, and hence that there is no occasion for the consumption of fuel, under ordinary circumstances, though when the exigency arises, it is at hand and ready. Moreover, as these vessels are to be kept as guard-boats, having each its own station as well as its particular extent of cruising ground, we have provided, in them, a chain of outposts, so to speak, as well as the nucleus of a squadron or a fleet, according as the one or the other may be required. Perhaps it would have been better to prepare fourteen than seven such guard-ships; perhaps twenty-one, or even twenty-eight, might be better than fourteen. But even seven will be able to show fight, unless the odds brought against them be greater than we see reason at this moment to anticipate; and when worsted, they will still be in condition to render the communications with the opposite shore uncomfortable. To the trade of the Channel, likewise, they will afford considerable protection. To be sure the trade of the Channel will be harassed by such a swarm of steam-privateers, that the idea of rendering it, as it used to be, all but sacred, must not be entertained for a moment. However, something is done by providing even seven steam-frigates for service in the Channel; for if they cannot prevent the sea-wolves from pouncing upon stragglers as they pass, they will at all events afford security to the great body of the sheep; and, from time to time, pick up a rover. Nevertheless, more remains to be thought of; for neither ships at sea, nor fortifications on shore, are of the smallest avail unless they be properly manned; and the latter, at least, must be regarded as nothing more than rallying-points, behind which the forces which are to cover the capital and defend the liberties of the nation,

shall assemble. Have we, at the disposal of government, seamen enough to man even seven guard-ships additional to the fleet which is already in commission? And is the state of our army such as to authorize the smallest hope of successful resistance in the event of an enemy throwing 30,000 or 40,000 soldiers on our shores, and there leaving them?

We regret to say that the difficulty of manning the fleet already in commission is so great, as to render the expectation of our being able to meet an increased demand, supposing it to come upon us suddenly, baseless. One of the finest steamships of war which our dockyards have as yet sent forth, though she be commissioned by one of the best and most popular officers of the British navy, is, and has been for little short of a month, useless at Chatham for lack of hands. That Captain Lushington will get his full complement together in time, we quite believe; and under his management the Retribution will prove, unless we deceive ourselves, eminently serviceable for all purposes, whether of peace or of war. But where should we be were a dozen such ships called for suddenly? Can we depend absolutely on the good feeling of our coasters, and fisherman, and such-like? Or must we have recourse again to the system of impressment? Surely the former course would not be safe. Surely we have no right to expect that the comparatively poor will make greater sacrifices for the good of their country than the comparatively rich; and as to the latter, we doubt very much whether, unless it be greatly modified from what it was during the last war, the people would bear it. Besides, there is no power anywhere without an act of parliament to impress seamen for the service of the royal navy; and to call parliament together and get a bill through both houses must, let party-spirit continue as dormant as it may, take time. But will party-spirit continue dormant? Will they who divide the house on motions of adjournment, night after night, and a dozen times in each, in order to defeat a measure for the preservation of peace at home, sit still and enable the minister to pass unopposed a strong measure of defence against foreign violence? What, then, is the meaning of those mysterious threats which, being uttered in Conciliation Hall, find their echoes against every hill-side in Ireland? Depend upon it, that if the government delay to arrange its machinery for the providing of seamen for the navy till a declaration of war either by France or America, force the measure upon them, the measure will be resisted by every means which the usages of the house place at the disposal of the repealers. And if the minister succeed at last in carrying his point, it will be at such a cost as must render his triumph worthless. He will hear that the sea-board at the least has been laid waste; and even then his bill will be stopped, till he shall have yielded repeal, or any other equally patriotic demand, which Mr. O'Connell and his followers may make upon him. This is a point well worth the consideration of Sir Robert Peel at the present moment; for it is certain that if left unnoticed—we mean in the ensuing session—the subject will be allowed to sleep, and no one will care to rouse it till the opportunity of doing so effectually shall have passed.

The first thing to be done, if the government really desire to place the country in a defensible position, is, to devise some scheme whereby there

may be at hand and available 20,000 additional hands, at least, for the protection of the narrow seas. It is not necessary that the whole of these should be able-bodied seamen. Accustomed to the water, a large proportion of them must, of course, be; otherwise, when the emergency comes, the whole may prove mere learners, and you want more than learners on board of your fleet in the hour of need. But "followers of the sea," to use their own manner of designating themselves, whether they ply their trade in ships that pass to foreign ports, or in coasters, or fishing-smacks, or ferry-boats, or any other machine that floats, will serve the purpose which we seek excellently, and their general efficiency will be but little injured, if you mix up with them a large sprinkling of landsmen. A stout landsman, provided he keep free from sea-sickness, may be taught to work a gun, and poise a musket or a boarding-pike, quite as skilfully as a seaman; and a little occasional practice on the rough waters that beat against our shores, will soon knock all disposition to sea-sickness out of him. We venture, therefore, to suggest that into whatever bill for the reorganization of the militia may be in preparation, a clause be inserted which shall render every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who may reside within five miles of high-water mark, liable to serve, when called upon, on board of ship. Of course, we do not mean that these marine-militia shall be disposable for foreign service, unless they like. By no means. We want them for defensible purposes only; for the protection of our Channel trade, the guarding the mouths of our navigable rivers, and the general protection of the coast from insult. And in consideration of their liability to be so employed, we exempt them from such service on land as other men of their own age and condition shall be required to perform.

Draw your pencil round Great Britain, keeping just within five miles of high-water mark, and see what a force of able and willing sea-fencibles you might raise, were some such plan as this acted upon. In the counties of Kent, Sussex, Hants, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall alone, there are a dozen places at the least, each of which would supply 500 men, yet be little, if at all, ostensibly affected by it. Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth and its dependencies, Plymouth, Falmouth, and many more towns of a similar size, would cheerfully obey the sort of summons which we propose to give them, in times of peace, and in war would not be found wanting. And as to the villages which would send out their youth by the score, there is absolutely no end to them. We venture to say that along the most exposed of our sea-board, accounting this to run from the mouth of the Thames to the Land's End, a law such as we are now pleading for, would call into existence the crews of twenty war-steamers of the first-class; from Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and so on to Inverness, full as many, if not more, might be evoked.

It will be observed that we are not going to content ourselves with the enrolment of those young men on shore, far less with the registration of their names and the understanding that they must serve when called upon. Our project extends to their training, now in a season of profound peace, at intervals and by divisions. They are balloted for as other militia men are; and must, like other militia men, do the work which the country require of

them. This will be, in the first instance, that at their own doors, though told off into crews, they be practised in the gun-exercise, and in the use of less ponderous weapons, till they be tolerably perfect; and then they shall, by crews, go to sea. Let a couple of the guard-ships that are now fitting be used as schools wherein to train them. Say that you thus embark, for the month of May, 500 marine-militia; you will be surprised to find, when the month is out, how efficient they have become under the able mastership which the admiralty shall place over them; and then, when you have done with these, put them ashore for the rest of the season, and take 500 more to supply their place. Six months thus spent, with only two steam-ships in commission, will train for you every summer 3000 men; and if you commission four ships you will have 6000; if eight ships, 12,000. We do not, of course, expect that a month's training will convert 100 landmen into as many practised sailors; but if you take care, which we presume you will, to mix landmen and seamen in your several militia crews judiciously together, we do expect that even four weeks of constant drill will render the whole ship's company competent to meet any enemy's force that may be brought against it within the narrow limits of those seas, to the guardianship of which it will, in the event of war, be appointed.

Having thus provided men and placed them permanently under the orders of experienced naval officers, who shall drill with them ashore, during their season of shore-drill, and embark with them for sea when the season for sea-service comes round, the government will do well to make ready a sufficient number of ships; which, though for the present they may be kept in reserve, shall yet be in such a state of forwardness as that a day, or at the most a couple of days, shall fit them for active service. No better method of accomplishing this end can be suggested than that on which the admiralty are already acting. Let more 72-gun ships be razed, and fitted with screws, and we have all, as regards timber and iron, that we want. Do not, however, forget to keep them stored with everything necessary for work, up to a certain extent. Her guns, if not mounted, must be close to each; each must contain in her magazine, a certain number of rounds of ball-cartridges; and provisions for a week's consumption ought in like manner to be shipped. There must be medical men and medical stores appointed. In a word, as there is nothing new under the sun, so far at least as human institutions are concerned, we must come back pretty nearly to the *classes litorales* of the Romans; and strive, by the establishment of a chain of permanent naval posts round our coasts to keep them, if possible, from pollution; at all events, to save them from danger.

All our care upon the ocean may, however, fail to effect its purpose. The advantages offered by steam-navigation to the belligerent party which acts on the offensive are so many, that to prevent them from carrying the war into the enemy's country is impossible. Great vigilance and an immense superiority in force may enable the defendants to cramp their exertions materially; and so long as this superiority of force is maintained, there can be no escape for the armies which shall have thrown themselves ashore, even if troops enough to meet and overthrow them on their first landing be not at hand. But France can spare 10,000 soldiers more easily than we can spare 5000; and if France see but a prospect of destroy-

ing one of our great arsenals, she will consider that the achievement has been lightly effected, if it cost her 10,000 soldiers or more. Now consider how she and we are circumstanced.

France has a disposable army of 300,000 men; we have fifty thousand quartered at different stations in the United Kingdom; to which if there be added 10,000 pensioners, and the coast-guard, perhaps 5000 more, we shall be able to show on paper a force of 65,000, or at all events 60,000 armed men. As was shown in our paper of last month, however, we could not by any exertions, bring more than 12,000, or at the most, 20,000 of these together; and there would be required to accomplish this, as much time as would enable an enterprising and active enemy to march from Devonshire, or Cornwall, to London. But would the enemy strike at London? We think not, in the first instance. France knows that England has been so long accustomed to depend upon her fleets for the maintenance of her power, that any great blow struck at them, would in all probability paralyze the energies of the nation. France, cannot, however, hope to encounter and overcome the British fleet in fair fight; but she fancies that it may be possible to render the British fleet harmless, by cutting off the sources of its supplies; and to this end all her endeavors are forthwith directed. She collects in a couple of days 15,000 men in Brest, 15,000 in Cherbourg, 10,000 in Boulogne, 20,000 in Dunkirk. These are embarked in steam-boats—not in war-steamers, observe, but in common packet-boats—to which a few steam-frigates act from each point as convoy. Can all our vigilance hinder them from putting to sea? Surely not. By the process elsewhere explained, and amid the depth of a dark night, they steal through our line of cruisers one by one; and having been instructed severally, in regard to the place of their rendezvous, they steer their course thither, as soon as the line is fairly broken. Presently the guns from Dover announce that something is wrong there; and by means of the electric telegraph, the authorities at the admiralty are informed that an enemy's fleet is approaching the mouth of the Medway. An answer is returned, and in ten minutes from the giving of the alarm, the harbors of refuge at Dover and Shoreham, are emptied of their guard-ships, which hurry off, well manned and armed, to the scene of danger. Meanwhile the shores of Hampshire are approached, either above or below the Isle of Wight, as may have been previously agreed upon; and, while all our attention is directed towards Kent, a landing takes place. What follows? Do the 15,000 men which have thus made good their footing, march upon London? Not at all. They have a more important point to gain. They know that were these abominable English cruisers sunk or destroyed, or rendered harmless, London would fall an easy prey; and England itself be conquered. And they, therefore, proceed to sap the vitals of the English fleet, by cutting off the greatest of all the arteries which supply them. They march upon Portsmouth, and place it in a state of siege. Now, though the sea-front of Portsmouth be very formidable, so formidable, indeed, as to defy the utmost efforts of the largest fleet that France could bring against it, there needs no soldier's eye to detect, that the works which cover it on land, are beneath contempt. Moreover, the lines, as they are called, are so extensive, that we defy you to man them properly with fewer than 10,000 men at the least.

Where are your 10,000 men to come from! You have them not; and the consequence is, that 15,000 French troops penetrate by escalade into the body of the place; and while people in London are yet wondering as to the issues of the siege, the siege is over, and the principal dockyard and arsenal in the empire, have become a heap of smoking ashes. No doubt the men who burnt it will all be put to death in the end, or else become prisoners. For the destruction of such a place as Portsmouth would put John Bull upon his mettle; and lightly as every one who possesses even a superficial knowledge of the subject, must think of the exertions of an undisciplined mob, however brave, when opposed to a regular army—the army which is to maintain itself in England against the whole population in arms, must greatly exceed 15,000 men, or even twice 15,000. But what is the loss to France of 15,000 men, compared with the loss to England, of the dockyard at Portsmouth, and all its invaluable contents! And if this game be repeated over and over again, till that Sheerness, Chatham, Woolwich, and so forth, be destroyed in succession, how shall those fleets on which we have heretofore accustomed ourselves to rely, be kept up?

It appears then, that judicious as the steps may be which we suppose the government to have taken, they will not accomplish the desired object unless others keep pace with them. Our army must be increased to a large amount. This is very provoking; very hard upon people who dislike both the pomp of military parade, and the payment of taxes; but the thing is inevitable. Our insular position has ceased to afford the security against invasion from abroad that it once did. And hence, if we be unprepared to accept the yoke from the hands of the first ambitious power which shall propose to place it upon our necks, we must devise effective means whereby the humiliation is to be avoided.

In our paper of last month, we had occasion to observe, that the time had come for calling out the militia, and putting it upon an efficient footing. We explained, that in order to accomplish this, great changes must be wrought, for to act in the spirit of the existing law would be to incur a heavy expense for no other purpose than to mislead ourselves, and to encourage our rivals. Twenty-eight days' training—and the law does not permit that, in a season of peace, the militia shall be embodied for a greater length of time—would give you a mere rabble, whom it would be unsafe to intrust with arms in their hands, and absolutely impossible to move in the face of an enemy. We accordingly suggested, that if embodied at all, the militia should be kept together for six months; at the termination of which they will be so thoroughly grounded in all necessary manoeuvres, that a week's practice from time to time would keep them up to the mark. We are not, however, prepared to say that it would be wise at the termination even of six months to disband the whole of them. Our standing army is barely sufficient to supply reliefs at long intervals to our foreign garrisons. It is, confessedly, too weak to protect this country were it threatened, as we fear that it will be ere long, from abroad; and the manner of recruiting it is so expensive, and in many respects so objectionable, that we cannot wonder that even they who treat the cry about military despotism with the contempt which it de-

serves, should be reluctant to sanction any extensive augmentation of it.

In regard to expense, the system of bounties, and of what is called the recruiting-staff, involves a much greater outlay of public money than the guardians of the public purse seem to be aware of. First, we have a certain number of colonels set over a certain number of districts, into which, for the purposes of recruiting, England, Scotland, and Ireland, are divided. These all receive staff-pay, which is certainly not too great, considering the responsibility of their position, and the nature of the work that is intrusted to them, but which in the aggregate, adds a good deal from year to year to the amount of the army estimates. Next, we have attached to these colonels staff-adjutants, sergeant-majors, orderly-room clerks, and so forth—epitomes, in short, of the machine which the whole world is supposed to see at work at the Horse Guards. Responsible to the colonel, again, is in each district a certain number of subaltern officers, who being withdrawn for a given period from their regiments, and the ordinary routine of regimental duty, receive certain allowances additional to their pay, and watch over the process of recruiting in their respective neighborhoods. The tracts of country intrusted to these subaltern officers vary a good deal in point of extent; and they have parties under them, sergeants and corporals, and pairs of men, more or less numerous in proportion as their districts happen to be wide or narrow. It is the business of these parties to inveigle by every possible means young men into her majesty's service. With this view they placard the walls of towns and villages with handbills of the most monstrous sort; and are ever ready to treat with gin or strong beer such unwary bumpkins as may come across them. They lie through thick and thin—for it is useless to mince the matter—and use every artifice to intoxicate the victim. This done, clodpole begins to feel the stirrings of ambition within him, and accepts the shilling. Away they march him to the surgeon, who, looking only to his physical points, passes him, provided he be sound in wind and limb; and forthwith he is carried before the recruiting officer. Meanwhile, good care is taken that the degree of excitement to which in the tap-room he had been carried shall not abate:—he is kept, perhaps, for eight-and-forty hours together, in a state of more than half intoxication, during which he is measured. If he come up to the legitimate standard, all is well, and the next thing to be done is to go with him to the magistrate; in whose presence he takes the necessary oath, and becomes, according to military phraseology, an attached recruit.

So much for the moral fitness of the system; in working out which sin is the great instrument; where the recruiting party is esteemed skilful, in proportion as the individuals composing it violate truth with adroitness, and the recruit is encouraged to drink, and swear, and make a beast of himself, to his heart's content. As to the expense, we have already given some account of that, while describing the nature of the gin which the Christian government of England sets to catch flats; and there must now be added the recruit's bounty, namely, four pounds; the bonus earned by his deceivers, one pound more; his subsistence at the out-stations, marching-money, &c., &c., amounting in all to seven or eight pounds. Now, eight pounds a head is a good deal for the country to

pay for the recruits that take service in its army. And we are much deceived if the actual cost do not exceed this.

Are we complaining of the system, far more censuring the high authorities under whose sanction it is matured? By no means. We lament that such a course should be necessary! but we blame for it, neither the commander-in-chief, nor the cabinet, nor the crown. It is the inevitable result of that jealousy of individual freedom which has heretofore induced the people of England to resist, and successfully, too, all the just claims which the commonwealth has upon each of its children for service. And till there shall arise some minister wise enough to understand, that it is no longer safe to leave the people under the dominion of so base a passion, it must go on. We suspect, however, that men's eyes are beginning to open to the truth. The more reflecting cannot but perceive, that institutions which answered admirably in the days of Margate hoys, and post-chaises, are useless, and worse than useless, when tested by the power of steam-boats and railway-carriages. And hence we are not without hopes that on the reorganization of the militia such pains will be bestowed, as to give for the defence of the country a disciplined force, sufficient in point of numbers to keep France in check; while a nursery for the regular army is provided, at once more effective, and in a moral point of view less open to objection, than that from which at present our ranks are fed.

The result of an enrolment, if honestly carried through, would be to show in the United Kingdom such an amount of men liable to be balloted for as it might seem rash to particularize. Our civilians between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, we may count by the million; and one half, at least, of these may fairly be taken as physically qualified to bear arms. Say that we might pick and choose out of 1,500,000. Now, we do not need more than 120,000 at the most, in time of peace; and if 120,000 be called out, clothed, equipped, regimented, and trained, there will be no necessity to keep even this amount of force permanently together. Six months' hard drilling will suffice; at the termination of which, 80,000, though still liable to be called out at a moment's notice, may be permitted to return to their homes. We shall thus be left with a standing army of militia 40,000 strong, supported by a reserve of 80,000; and not one man too numerous under existing circumstances, shall we find it. For these we would suggest a period of service not exceeding three years; permitting them, however, and by offering a small bounty, encouraging them up to a certain point, to transfer their services to the line, if they be willing. What would the consequences be? We answer, that England, as regards her capability of defending herself, would be equal to any emergency that might arise; for her 40,000 militia on shore, acting as reserve to her guard-boats and marine militia afloat, might, with perfect complacency, look the whole standing army of France in the face. And that there would be no further occasion for a recruiting staff may be proved by reference to the occurrences of other days, when the wise permission given to volunteer from the militia filled, during the late war, our regular regiments to repletion. That the pockets of the tax-payers would be spared, we do not pretend to insinuate. 40,000 men cannot be kept together for nothing; and the expenses of the new

coast-guard, though not so heavy, would be considerable also. But all this money would not be wasted. There are more laborers in England than there is work for, and, whether employed or not, they must be fed. Some deduction from the actual outlay must, therefore, be made by taking into consideration the diminished amount of poor-rate. And, as the whole pay of the militia corps would be expended in the country, what the manufacturer and landowner or occupier gave away in the shape of an increased taxation, he would receive back again through the larger demand that would be created for his goods, his beef, and his corn.

We assume that our militia army is to be considered not only as an arm of defence against foreign invasion, but as a nursery for the line. Volunteering is to be encouraged as far as the exigencies of the state shall require, and that it will go on merrily the experience of the past assures us. Suppose, then, that there should pass from one branch of the service to another 10,000 men annually; how are their places to be supplied? The answer is obvious. For every man of the first class who volunteers into the line, a man of the second class shall be called out; while the annual ballot, which must of necessity go on, shall still keep the numbers of our reserve complete. For the 80,000 men who had been sent to their homes after the first grand muster and term of training, are understood to have been divided into two classes; one being placed next on the roster to the corps which continues under arms, while the other brings up the rear. And hence, as volunteers quit the militia regiments, men from class 2 come in to take their places; class 2 being in like manner fed from class 3; and class 3, from the youth of the whole country.

By some such management as this, it will be brought to pass that the country shall never be without its 40,000 disciplined troops, prepared to meet an enemy should he land. These will, of course, share with regiments of the line all sorts of home duty; passing from England and Scotland into Ireland, and from Ireland into England and Scotland, according to a routine which shall be settled by the proper authorities. But beyond the limits of the United Kingdom they shall never be required to go; unless, indeed, garrison duty among the channel islands be intrusted to them. The term of service, moreover, shall be limited to three years; and though, at its close, comparatively few of the individuals who composed the force when it was first embodied may remain, the corps itself abides immortal. For fresh men will constantly come in to take the places of the volunteers, and, at the last, supposing as many as 10,000 present to claim their discharge, still 20,000, familiar with the entire course of military drill, remain, on whom to engraft 10,000 recruits, and by whom to teach them their duty.

And this brings us to another change in the organization of the militia, which the altered state of the world's circumstances renders indispensable. The old and inconvenient machinery of county enrolment must be got rid of. We must look no more to Kent for its two regiments, or to Rutland for its half regiment, or to York for its four regiments; but, dividing the kingdom into districts, we must require each to furnish, according to its population, a certain quota of men, whom the general commanding shall send off in parties, by direction of the Horse Guards, to such corps as stand

in need of recruits. Our militia will thus become, what it ought to be, a national army of reserve, such as in these days no power, desirous of maintaining its independence, can do without. And if the estimates be a good deal increased, let us not forget that all the money raised for the pay and sustenance of the force will be spent in the country—yea, and employment found for forty or fifty thousand pairs of hands, which might otherwise be shut up unprofitably in union workhouses.

We have now men enough, provided they be rightly disciplined, to place the United Kingdom beyond the reach of danger; a gallant fencible corps to guard the narrow seas, and man the steam-frigates by which the enemy's rovers are to be hunted out of them; and a magnificent militia behind them, equal, in point both of numbers and equipment, to destroy any corps which may succeed in throwing itself, by stealth upon our coasts. How are these men to be officered? We answer, in such a way as shall not only give the best assurance of rendering them effective and of keeping them so, but shall as little as possible add to the expense of the establishment, which, let us take what precautions we may, must prove considerable. The sea fencibles we would, therefore, place under the command of naval officers on the half-pay list, raising the half-pay of each to full during every period of exercise, whether the recruits be drilled on shore or at sea. At the head of each militia regiment (and, by the by, we would have them all of a common strength, 1000 men being the establishment) we would in like manner place a colonel or lieutenant-colonel of the line. Indeed, we do not see why the militia corps should not, as far as possible, be officered from the base to the apex by half-pay officers. Possibly we may fail in finding a sufficient number of loose lieutenants and ensigns effective to supply the demand; in which case we must be content to give militia commissions to such young gentlemen as are recommended for them. But of field-officers and captains, able and willing to undertake the charge, there is no lack; and, till we shall have exhausted the last of these, we must never think of creating either field-officers or captains of militia. For not only will these gentlemen prove far more efficient drill-masters than gentlemen who put on their uniforms for the first time when the enrolment takes place, but the country, instead of being burdened with the pay of five or six hundred fresh officers, will merely have to make good the difference between the half-pay and the full pay of five or six hundred veterans. Of course it is not intended that promotion shall go on in the militia as it does in the line. To the brevet we see no reason why all who come within its influence should not be open; but the regimental rank of all ought to abide what it happens to be when they first join, and, after a certain number of years' service, they may be permitted to retire, one by one, on full pay. Neither should we object to exchanges between this description of officers of militia corps and officers of the regular army. Indeed, the arrangement ought to be encouraged rather than discountenanced, for popular militia officers are always able to bring large bodies of volunteers over with them; and to many a man, broken down by long service in a tropical climate, a few years of duty with the army of reserve would be invaluable.

Our old militia law, like the law of conscription in France, recognizes the right, of such as may be able to afford it, of providing substitutes in the

event of their being drawn. We do not desire to see this right interfered with; and, as there are men enough in the country to whom the idea of three years of home service can present no terrors, we would even go farther, by exempting from the operation of the ballot all who might be willing and able to serve in corps of mounted yeomanry. At the same time, the terms on which this privilege is granted must be favorable to the state. Country gentlemen, farmers, wealthy tradespeople, master-manufacturers, and such like, are, for obvious reasons, anxious to continue near their property and occupation. Be it so. They shall so continue, provided they be enrolled into yeomanry regiments and troops; each member of which shall provide his own horse, accoutrements, uniform—everything, in short, except his arms and ammunition. His horse, likewise, must undergo periodical inspections by the general of the district; and he must be punctual in his attendance on such drills and movements of manœuvre as shall be instituted. And, above all, he shall serve without pay. If these terms appear harsh to him, he may decline to entertain them, in which case he will become, like his poorer neighbors, liable to the militia ballot. But there must be no compromise nor evasion; for the state or commonwealth has a right to the services of all whom it shelters, and there can be no partiality in its dealings with the different classes or orders of whom society is composed.

Finally, we put it to those whom it mainly concerns, whether some changes for the better might not be attempted in the condition of the soldier of the line. At present we enlist only for life; and, perhaps, looking to the necessity that exists of keeping a certain number of our regiments in India, the measure is a necessary one. For the expense of frequent reliefs on stations so remote would be ruinous; and were men enlisted, say for ten, or fifteen, or even twenty years, frequent reliefs would become indispensable. But why not try to provide for our Indian service as we do for service at St. Helena, and, partially at least, both in Canada and at the Cape of Good Hope? We write with diffidence, because there may be difficulties in the way more formidable than occur to us, who stand in front of the curtain. But why not have a certain number of Indian regiments, giving the officers the same facilities of exchange and promotion which are now enjoyed by the officers of the Canadian rifle corps and the Cape corps respectively yet enlisting the men exclusively for service in India, and filling them up, either with volunteers from other corps, or as the East India Company now fills up its European regiments? If this were practicable (we do not say that it is, we merely throw out the hint,) then men for Indian service might be enlisted for life, or—which would be much better, for it is a good thing to put a limit, be it ever so distant, to every man's term of service—for twenty-one years, at the close of which they would be entitled to a pension of a shilling a-day. Meanwhile, the rest of our recruits might be taken for fifteen, or even for twelve years, at the termination of which they should be entitled to their discharge without a pension; whereas, if they chose to reënlist and serve ten years more, then let a pension of not less than ninepence a-day be secured to them. We are not blind to the fact that, were every other hindrance to the adoption of this scheme removed, the growing wants of our settlements in the Pacific and in

the Chinese seas stand in the way. Yet we fancy that even this difficulty might be got rid of, for Hong Kong may surely be garrisoned from India, and, therefore, intrusted to the care of one or more of the Indian regiments; and as to the islands of the Pacific, they are both healthy and pleasant places of residence, and will be brought, whenever the Oregon question shall be settled as it ought to be settled and will, we trust, be settled soon, within easy distance of a station which will then have become a sort of half-way house between them and the mother country.

From the Belfry of Bruges and other Poems.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the Arsenal—from floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal misery
Will mingle in their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Northman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skins.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleagured towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's pure and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

From the Church of England Magazine.

THE BY-GONE YEAR.

THE by-gone year! O send it not
Without one thought away;
Full freighted for eternity,
It passes hence to-day;
And, like a crystal vase, filled up
With mingled smiles and tears,
Young hopes, false dreams of happiness,
Which gladdened other years;
Bearing memorials of the past,
Records of mercy given,
And all our dark unpardoned sin
Up to the court of heaven.
Ah! silently as it may pass,
It is not speechless there:
Send it not hence, unblest by praise,
Or unredeemed by prayer.

O, by-gone year! take hence with thee
The mourner's tearful prayer—
For sorrow in our daily lot
Hath still the largest share—
The contrite spirit's bitterness;
The broken heart's deep woe,
When God hath rent some silver cords
Which bound it fast below;
The hour of parting, and the gloom
Laid on the sickening soul
By sorrow's heavy, smiting hand,
When dark days onward roll;
Bear these away—let them be
Borne upon the wings of prayer,
That better hopes and brighter hours
May bless the coming year.

O, by-gone years! as step by step
The lingering heart goes back,
It clings to every sunny spot
Upon the chequered track;
It turns to where the light of love
Fell softly on its way;
Where blessings, like the spring's young flowers,
Unfolded day by day;
And where the hand of God was seen
Weaving our life's dark web,
Through which his own bright providence
Ran like a silvery thread;
O, cold and thankless is the heart,
That, from its backward gaze,
Can send thee hence, thou by-gone year!
Unblest by grateful praise.

Lord, the motions of thy Holy Spirit were formerly frequent in my heart; but alas! of late they have been great strangers. It seems they did not like their last entertainment, they are so loth to come again. I fear they were grieved, that either I heard them not attentively, or believed them not faithfully, or practised them not conscientiously. If they be pleased to come again, this is all I dare promise, that they do deserve, and I do desire they should be well used. Let thy Holy Spirit be pleased, not only to stand before the door and knock, but also to come in. If I do not open the door, it were too unreasonable to request such a miracle, to come in when the doors were shut, as thou didst to the apostles. Yet let me humbly beg of thee, that thou wouldst make the iron gate of my heart open of its own accord. Then let thy Spirit be pleased to sup in my heart; I have given it an invitation, and I hope I shall give it room. But O thou that sendest the guest, send the meat also; and if I be so unmannerly as not to make the Holy Spirit welcome, O let thy effectual grace make me to make it welcome.

Fuller.

PUNCH.

PRINCE ALBERT AND POTATOES.

His Royal Highness has manifested another of the many princely liberalities towards literature and science that will forever connect his name with the intellect of England. He has, in his own magnificent way, patronized the potato-speech of Doctor Buckland. But our words are poor and feeble to set forth the munificence. Therefore, we borrow that very large silver trumpet, the *Windsor Express* :—

"Kind consideration of Prince Albert.—At a time when the potato disease is employing so much of public attention, it cannot be otherwise than gratifying to know that his royal highness Prince Albert has, with the kindness which is so prominent a feature of his character, caused the distribution, by the resident clergy in several districts, of extracts from a speech delivered by Dr. Buckland, professor of geology, at the town hall, Birmingham; wherein the proper treatment of the potato, under existing circumstances, is set forth. The usefulness of these extracts will be generally acknowledged, and his royal highness will receive the thanks which his meritorious conduct so highly deserves."

"Extracts from a speech!" Now, the printing of some ten thousand copies—even at a cheap printer's—would certainly amount to at least five pounds—a very large amount of benevolence in so trying a season. We understand that some of the folks who have received copies of the "Extracts" that teach them the proper treatment of the potatoes, have impudently inquired when the prince will send the potatoes themselves! To a hungry man, too poor to buy a dinner, the present of a cookery book is doubtless a scurvy jest. But then, princes are such wags!

THE GREYNA GREEN DIRECT ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

MR. PUNCH assures the public that this projected railway, of whose company he has constituted himself chairman, is a *bonâ fide* undertaking. He has no objection, as a philosopher, to blowing bubbles; but he repudiates that amusement as an honest man. The present notification, therefore, is not addressed to Stags, although it intimately concerns Bucks, a race of gentlemen, above all others, interested in obtaining a facility of transit to Greytna Green. The advantages of a railway conveyance to that locality will be obvious. The rate of travelling will be such as to baffle the most determined parent, the best horses, and most honest and energetic postboys. The line being an atmospheric one, all chance of a collision will be avoided, especially of that most awkward kind of collision—a collision with the friends of the runaway heirless. A consideration even more important than those foregoing, is the following one:

Of all travelling, a trip to Greytna Green is, at present, the most expensive. The advantages of the journey, therefore, are confined to the nobility, gentry, and, may we add, clergy. The Greytna Green railway will place the Green within the reach of the public at large; and while the first class trains will convey peers, baronets, and other members of the aristocracy with their fair companions; the second and third trains will accommodate respectable shopkeepers, mechanics, and agricultural laborers. The terminus will be close to the Temple of Hymen, so that the travellers may step from the former to the latter at once. The only

fear that Punch has for the success of his project is, that one of the first things that parliament will do, next session, will be, to abolish the privileges of Greytna Green, a thing which, in the opinion of many, it ought to have done long ago.

DEADLY POISONS.

THE French have been distributing crosses of the Legion of Honor to Chinese mandarins. The English introduce opium into China, but the French prefer importing crosses of the Legion of Honor. They evidently rely on their old proverb: "*Il n'y a rien qui tue comme le ridicule.*"

A CARD.

RUGBY begs to acquaint bishops, priests, commissioners of fine arts, patrons of "pure art," and dealers in ancient windows, that he has opened a manufactory for every article in the mediæval line, at very reduced prices. All kinds of metal work, with imitation-rust of the best quality, done so as to defy detection from the remains of the middle ages. New door handles, pump handles, water vats, candlesticks, and weather vanes, warranted to look five hundred years old.

Modern portraits, antiquated as per specimen annexed, at fixed prices, with lions or griffins extra, according to the length of their tails. Worthies made up from any number of authorities, as per other specimen annexed, namely:—

An unknown saint, which has been faithfully copied from various originals, viz., head from a piece of broken window found under a brick-kiln by the archæological institute at Winchester; misal from a tomb-stone in Dublin cathedral; right hand from half a bishop picked up after the fire at York Minster; left ditto from the nineteenth figure (counting from the right) in the oriel window of St. Peter's at Rome; feet from part of a broken window (which has never been mended) in St. Stephen's, Walbrook; drapery from the deal boards in Westminster Abbey.

N.B. Designs for cathedrals made in five-and-forty minutes; superior ditto in one hour; ditto ditto for churches in twenty-six minutes. Episcopal chapels in fifteen minutes—and, to save trouble, no dissenters need apply. Elegant designs of tombstones done in five minutes, and ladies' and gentlemen's own epitaphs worked in.

THE MINISTERS AND THE RAILROADS.

WE understand that several M.P.'s have, with the view of disqualifying themselves from serving on railroad committees, been applying for shares wholesale to the various new lines, that by having an interest they may be exempted from the severe duties of committee-men. Among the applications is one from the premier, in the usual form, from which we give an extract. After the body of the application, we find the "*name in full*," after which comes the "address;" and under the head of "*business or profession, if any*," we get the candid admission that "*the applicant's professions are too numerous and too various to mention.*" As referees, he gives two names, being those of Lord John Russell and the Duke of Buckingham. On those parties being applied to in the usual way by the company, to ascertain the respectability of the applicant for shares, the answer returned by Lord John Russell was to the following effect:—

"SIR—I believe Robert Peel, who has applied to you for shares, to be a well-meaning man; but I do not know whether I am justified in saying

much more in his favor. As to his complying with calls, I think, if the calls are very peremptory, he is almost sure to attend to them, though he may be rather dilatory in doing so.

"I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

"J. RUSSELL."

The answer from the Duke of Buckingham was by no means so satisfactory. It briefly remarked that—"the Duke of Buckingham certainly knows Sir R. Peel, the applicant for shares, and, indeed, knows him a great deal too well. The Duke of Buckingham would not trust the applicant for shares; but of course leaves the directors of the railway company to use their own discretion."

"THE WELLINGTON LETTERS."

THESE missives, we understand, have been formed into a collection, uniform with the *dispatches*, about to be edited by Colonel Gurwood. They are said to be models of the epistolary style, in which all the small courtesies and minor graces of life are made subservient to regimental brevity of expression. Some of them, too, blow hot and cold in the most valiant manner; particularly those in the case of the Shrapnel family, wherein the duke promises the late colonel "to assist, by every means in his power, to procure a reward for him"—followed by a subsequent letter to the colonel's representative, in which the same gallant field-marshal "positively declines to apply for Mr. Needham Serope Shrapnel in any manner, or to any authority." We have, as in duty bound, a tremendous opinion of his Grace; though we may stop a little short of the idolatry professed by the spinters of May Fair. Nevertheless, with such spinters, we cannot but think that iron dukes, like iron pokers, are none the worse for just a little polish.

PEEL'S WEAKNESS.

THERE is a rumor that Lord Stanley is about to leave the present ministry. This looks as if it were on the point of breaking up, for we know the old proverb:—"A rat always deserts a sinking vessel."

ALARMING DISEASE IN RAILWAY STOCK.

WE grieve to announce that the blight has spread from the potatoes to the provincial stock exchanges. The disease has made the most alarming ravages at Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, where large stocks were on hand. The external appearances were most flourishing, and almost all the plants seemed to promise well; but they were found to be plants and nothing else, there being a total want of root when they came to be examined. Those which have suffered most were grown on a *chalk* formation. The rottenness commences with the stags, and rapidly spreads to the brokers. When once they are infected, there are no hopes of saving the stock. Scarce one good scheme in ten can now be found; and the more they are examined, the greater is the per centage of entirely decayed and useless ones.

The species called the "director," which looked so well in the early part of the season, has generally failed. They shot up too strong at first, and wanted bottom to endure the very stormy weather we have had lately. Cutting was largely practised by all respectable members of the community, and even shutting up in stone jugs has been found ineffectual to stop the progress of the disorder.

We trust government will do something to remedy the dreadful effects of this disorder. Let them appoint commissioners, as they have done in

Ireland, to go over the infected districts and carefully separate the good from the rotten stock.

Much of the scrip will probably be converted into a pulp, and afterwards reissued in the form of repeal addresses, and other deleterious forms.

The ports should be instantly opened, and common honesty imported in the largest quantities possible. At the same time, we are bound to say that we do not see where it is to come from. No nation we know has more on hand than is required for the supply of its own population—few so much. The Americans, from whom expectations have been entertained, certainly have none to spare.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

CHANCELLOR (in Latin *Cancellarius*) means literally one who sits at a door or window, like a money-taker at a theatre; and, as the Chancellor's office involves the duty of money-taking to a great extent, it is, no doubt, the origin of the term. The Chancellor of England was originally the King's Secretary, to answer his master's letters; a task which entitled him to possession of the seal; but when the chancellor waxes disagreeable, the sovereign takes his seal back again. His duties are pretty generally known, and his salary is £10,000 a year, with an allowance of about four thousand more for going out chairing, which he does during the session, as chairman of the House of Lords. He is keeper of the royal conscience, but this has been a sinecure in some reigns.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

A PIECE of land in Buckinghamshire, formerly known as the Chiltern Hills. They afforded shelter to banditti, and abound in timber, which is the reason of their being chosen as a retreat for those members of parliament who wish to cut their sticks. An M.P. who desires to resign his seat applies for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which is a sinecure, like the stewardship of one of the fourpenny steamboats on the Thames. Some think that the Chiltern Hundreds is a ship, and that the steward, being always compelled to remain aboard, has no time to attend to his parliamentary duties, which he accordingly resigns.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS.

THE rage for illustration has reached such a ridiculous height, that wine-merchants are sending out illustrated circulars containing the price of port on one side of the sheet of paper, and a lithographed view of Oporto on the other. We think this principle might be generally carried out, and should suggest that a list of champagnes should be embellished with a portrait of a gooseberry-bush; while the sketch of a policeman's cape might adorn that part of the catalogue devoted to the Madeira. A panoramic view of Bass' Straits might accompany Bass' pale ale, and an allegorical representation of British industry in full play, would be very emblematic of the production of brandy.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

IT is with a feeling of the most acute commiseration, that we read an account of a review of the Chelsea pensioners at Chatham. It is lamentable to think that men who have gone to repose upon their laurels, should be dragged out of their leafy beds to go through—with wheezing, puffing, and blowing—those manœuvres that they formerly executed without an effort. England, if thrown for support on to her wooden legs, must be considered to be regularly stumped out of her resources.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Nov. 10.—A paper, by M. Leverrier, on the planet Uranus, was read by M. Arago. Uranus, when discovered, embarrassed the astronomers by the slowness of its proper motion, and it was long before they were all convinced that it was a planet. This first difficulty surmounted, the astronomers were able to ascertain pretty correctly the elements of its ellipsis. At a later period, when a series of observations, embracing a period of from 30 to 40 years, had been made, and when the perturbations due to the action of Jupiter and Saturn had been calculated, they took up the theory developed in the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. The calculations ceased, however, after a time, to agree with the real positions of this planet; and M. Arago thought that there might be some errors in the calculations of Laplace. M. Leverrier has proved that M. Arago was right, and has laid down a new orbit, which for this year differs by 40 seconds from that of the former calculation.—MM. Laugier and Mauvais have shown the identity of the comet discovered in 1844 by M. de Vico, and that of 1785.—M. Hind has announced that he has found, in the works of M. E. Biot on the astronomical observations of the Chinese, the necessary documents for calculating the orbit of the comet of 1433, and ascertained its identity with the comet of 1780 calculated by Olbers.—A paper was received from Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, announcing an observation he has made on corn spoiled in the holds of vessels by a prolonged contact with seawater. He has found that it contains large quantities of valerianic and butyric acid. The Prince states that he is now occupied with experiments to ascertain the causes under which these two acids are formed.—M. Triger presented an account of the results obtained by him in the recent application of compressed air in mining operation. M. Triger having successfully used compressed air as a means of driving back the masses of water which are found in mines, resolved also to try its effect as a motive power, and states that he has worked an engine with it with great effect, and in situations where there was not room for the operation of a steam-engine.—Some time ago M. Arago read a communication from some of the French missionaries in China, giving an account of some deep wells in that country which had been made by boring. To-day he presented several bottles made of bamboo, containing water (salt) and bitumen taken from these wells, and forwarded for an analysis.—A letter was received from the mayor of Calais, requesting that the academy would order an examination to be made of the sand brought up from the bottom of the Artesian well in that town, at 310 mètres depth, and announcing that the indications of the proximity of water were sufficiently encouraging for the work of boring to be proceeded with.—M. Thénard, in the name of a committee, read a report on the work of M. Frémy, respecting a series of acids formed of oxygen, hydrogen, azote and sulphur. In terminating his report, M. Thénard said, "M. Frémy's paper is full of new and unexpected facts. His labor is one which demanded much sagacity, and if the most numerous and important experiments of M. Frémy had not already given him an elevated rank among chemists, this last work would have entitled him to it. The committee has therefore, the honor of proposing that the academy should order his paper to

be printed in the 'Recueil des Savans Etrangers.'" This proposition of the committee was adopted.

PROHIBITION OF GERMAN EMIGRATION TO TEXAS AND THE UNITED STATES.—From German papers received at this office, we translate the following cabinet order issued by the King of Prussia, dated from his palace of Sans Souci, on the 17th of October last. It is a document as curious as it is important, and hence we present it in all its royal formality to our readers.

CABINET ORDER.

To the Minister of State Herr Von Bodelschwing:

By your report of the 22d ult. I have seen, with astonishment, that a rumor has been circulated in several departments of East Prussia, that it was my design to promote and encourage an emigration of my subjects from hence to America. Notwithstanding the utter groundlessness of such a report, and the efforts of my officers to refute it, and instil a better idea into the minds of the inhabitants, many persons have been led to believe it—and some, by an inconsiderate haste to sell their possessions, for the purpose of emigrating, have involved themselves in serious losses. Far is it from my fatherly intentions to lead to any emigration from fatherland, since there is no want of employment for hired hands in the country, and also, because there are large districts of land in East Prussia where there is a great deficiency of agricultural laborers. Although it is my hope that the efforts of the magistracy and of all well intentioned subjects, will succeed in convincing those who have been led astray, of the falsehood of such rumors; yet, in order to fully remove all doubt upon the subject, I hereby empower you to make this Order public, by means of the government journals at Gumbinness and Königsberg.

(Signed,)

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

While the king himself speaks in this gentle strain, the minister of police is following it up with more coercive measures, and for this purpose has brushed up some old and obsolete laws forbidding the transfer of manufacturing secrets and skill to foreign countries.

The cause of all this anxiety and alarm, is the astonishing and unprecedented emigration now taking place from Germany to the United States. According to all the accounts which we receive from the former country, there is a continued stream of people of the better classes, well supplied with money and goods, pouring from all parts of Germany to the seaports, in order to embark for Texas. Such a mighty tide of emigration, it is represented, has never before been witnessed. Well may the monarchs of Europe now begin to take the alarm, when they open their eyes to the fact that their European and monarchical institutions impoverish the people and drive them out of the country; while our free institutions allure the oppressed and suffering from all parts of the world, to the sure possession of an ample reward to honest industry.

This movement forms one of the links in that chain of events which we have before pointed out and developed—that crisis of which we have spoken, which, sooner or later, will come, when Europe, roused to deadly enmity by our prosperity and her own continuing impoverishment, will take up arms in one united confederacy against republican America. This cabinet order, which we have here given, is one of the symptoms of feeling which begin to foreshadow the approaching fever. Hitherto Europe has seen with satisfaction the outpouring of her population towards our shores; now, however, she is beginning to wake up, and to discover that men constitute the true wealth of a country, and are the producers of power and plenty.—N. Y. Herald.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

"I DEEM it my duty to bring to your notice the fact, that the subject of telegraphic communications, in its fullest extent, as made available by means of this extraordinary invention, is forcing itself upon the attention of the public. The proprietors of the patent right securing the exclusive right of the telegraph have, since the last congress, taken the most active measures to establish lines of communication between the principal cities of the Union. Their success will introduce a means of communicating intelligence amply sufficient for a great variety of purposes, and greatly superior in despatch to those of the public mails, and must secure to itself much of the business that has heretofore been transacted through them, and, to that extent, diminish the revenue of the department."—*Post Master General's Report*.

We concur with the Postmaster General in the description which he has given of this extraordinary invention. It is decidedly one of the most singular and brilliant discoveries and signs of the progress of the age. No man can now venture to calculate its importance, or set bounds to the consequences which it is destined to produce. It is said that steam "annihilates both space and time." What term, then, can be supposed too extravagant to describe the rapidity of the communication of the electric wires? It surpasses not merely the "rapid car" which Darwin predicted in his fine "phrensy" several years before it was invented, but it outstrips the wind itself. It is "as quick as lightning." It conveys, almost in a moment, the most important intelligence from Boston to Washington. We already foresee the revolution it is about to produce in military operations as well as in the movements of the press. In fact, no man can now pretend to estimate the results of this mighty discovery, which has been introduced by Professor Morse and his remarkable invention.

We shall keep our eyes open to this wonderful improvement, and shall trace it, step by step, to its rapid advancement. With a view of ascertaining the present stage of its progress, we have addressed a letter of inquiry to Mr. Kendall, of this city, and we are indebted to him for the following communication. Our bosoms swell with pride when we recollect that this step in the progress of society, like the steamboat, is also AMERICAN!—*Union*.

A company was organized last spring to construct a continuous line from New York to Washington, the first object of which was to put up two wires from New York to Philadelphia. Owing to difficulties as to right of way, they were much delayed, and for that reason, and others, were compelled to take a circuitous route about one hundred and fifty miles in length. It is complete, except about thirty miles, upon which the posts are up; and the wires are being put up by two parties, one at each end. Arrangements have recently been made to extend this line to Baltimore as rapidly as it can be put up.

Another company was organized soon after the former, to construct a line from the city of New York to the city of Buffalo. The entire line from Albany to Buffalo was put under contract early last fall, and is nearly completed with two wires.

An arrangement was made in November for the construction of a line from New York to Boston. The work on the eastern end has progressed with great rapidity. The holes are dug to Springfield, and probably further, and the posts are up on a greater part of that distance.

Early in the summer, an arrangement was made having in view the construction of a line westward from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and St. Louis, throwing off a branch to Lake Erie. Means have been raised to carry the line to Pittsburg; it is built from Harrisburg to Lancaster, and is going up rapidly from that point to Philadelphia.

A line of thirty-eight miles, from Buffalo to Lockport, is in successful operation.

A line from Boston to Lowell, about twenty-five miles, is nearly completed.

Lines are nearly completed from New York and Boston, down to the offing of those ports.

Preliminary arrangements are made with the view of pushing a line through from Washington to New Orleans, operations to commence early in the spring.

Many other routes are bespoke, with a view to construction next year.

We encounter some unforeseen difficulties, and have been much disappointed by erroneous estimates as to the time requisite to build these lines, but nothing has occurred to shake the perfect confidence entertained as to the practicability and profit of this great enterprise.

SURVEYING EXPENSES.—The supposed necessity for going to parliament immediately, and the insignificant number of surveyors as compared with the numbers of projects, have induced an expenditure so lavish and reckless as to prove that the parties making it are wholly unfit to direct the schemes of which they are the heads, and to dispense money belonging to others. A non-professional acquaintance of ours, who has a tolerable knowledge of surveying and levelling, (in theory,) was called on by a solicitor who had heard of his attainments in these respects, to know on what terms he would undertake to map a certain portion of a line. "I am not disposed to do it at all," said our friend. "We will give you three guineas a day," urged the solicitor. "That would not induce me," was the reply. "Well, four then—nay, five, if four won't do; a map we must have within four weeks of this time." Our friend still shook his head; but ultimately said, simply with the view of getting rid of the applicant, that he would make the attempt if they would pay him twelve guineas a day for two months certain. The proposal was immediately accepted; and, before he left town, he received information that they should not object to pay for the seventh day of the week; and he is now positively at work on these terms.—*The Builder*.

IBRAHIM PASHA is rehearsing as a lion, on the small scale of the Tuscan capital,—in preparation for the more public performance which awaits him in London and Paris. The Italians do not find him sufficiently Egyptian. They are surprised that he brings with him none of the rudeness of the Desert. At Pisa, where a banquet was given him by the authorities, he replied to the toast of health in terms which would do honor to the most accomplished and eloquent of European diplomatists. "Not to the prosperity of Tuscany," he said—"for it prospers; not to the happiness of its inhabitants—for they are happy;—but to the conservation of the good principles by which they are governed!"

SOMETHING LIKE ANNEXATION.—Dispatches have just been received from India. The news is of great importance, and may be said to uncurtain the first scene in another Indian tragedy, the gradual development of which it is impossible to contemplate without horror, but the termination of which (a speedy one we trust) we confidently believe will go far to the complete and final subjugation of those desperate and licentious hordes, which have for so long a period kept one of the most fertile provinces of the vast continent of India in ceaseless commotion, and extend and consolidate the influence of law and order, under the ægis of British protection.—*Bell's Messenger*, Nov. 22.

It is said that the wagons that are to convey the Mormons to California will number 5000, and will form a line of 25 miles long! In the front is to be a press and types, from which will be issued every morning a paper, to be sent back to inform the rear guard what is going on in the van!

IRON DROSS.—A French mechanic formed the idea that by subjecting iron-dross to the slow cooling process which is known to produce a total change in the nature of glass, a new and useful species of stone might be obtained; and as iron-dross, such as the large furnaces yield, is a wholly useless substance, the announced successful result of his persevering attempts cannot but be matter of great interest, more especially at the present time, when the smelting furnaces of England are in a hitherto unknown state of activity. The object which the Frenchman sought to accomplish was, to impart to iron-dross the compactness and hardness of granite, and at the same time to save the cost and labor which the hewing of the real stone requires. To this end he contrived to let the iron refuse, while in a fluid state, run into iron forms, which were previously brought to a red heat by being placed so as to receive the superfluous flame which issues from the mouth of the furnace; and in order to ensure the slow cooling, these forms are provided with double sides, between which sand is introduced, which is well known to be a bad conductor of heat; the whole is then brought again to a glow heat, and in like manner again cooled off. By this procedure, it is asserted, the ingenious discoverer has succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building blocks and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness and polish, equal, if not superior, to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling conceivable cost.

ATHENS.—We have already had more than one occasion to advert to the progress making with the literary and intellectual institutions of the Greek capital; and the public spirit exhibited by the sons of the redeemed soil, in furbishing up, for the use of the new kingdom, what was one of the best and most precious of her ancient republican crowns. To this good work—which can be effectually done only by themselves—the sovereigns of Europe are, nevertheless, contributing such materials as they can spare. The Emperor of Austria has recently offered to the Public Library of Athens a collection of duplicates in the Imperial Library at Vienna; and a first remittance of this gift, to the number of 580 volumes, has reached the former capital.—The King of Prussia has presented to the University of the same metropolis, a similar collection of duplicates from the public libraries of his kingdom.—The King of the Two Sicilies has sent, to its National Museum and to its School of Fine Arts, plaster-casts of the finest statues and busts existing in the Bourbon Museum at Naples;—and even the Emperor of Russia has lent himself, in such fashion as presented itself, to this enlightened species of Philhellenism. The Greek brothers Rizari, who spent the greater portion of their lives in Russia—returning to their country only when its elevation into an independent kingdom was secured—bequeathed their whole fortune to the nation, to be employed in the foundation and maintenance of a seminary. Of this fortune a portion still remained, at their death, in the Bank of Russia—on which the government was entitled to a duty exceeding 60,000 roubles. Petitioned on the subject, the emperor has remitted this claim in favor of the seminary; in the hope, as he expresses it, that the government of the school will fully realize the patriotic intentions of the brothers Rizari.—To these examples of royal and citizen munificence, we may add a gift of 16,000 ducats to the University of Athens, and 4,000 ducats to other educational establishments, made by Theodore Tyreas, a Greek merchant of Vienna; whom the King of Greece has decorated, in acknowledgment, with the cross of Officer of the Order of the Saviour.

THE JEWS IN PRUSSIA.—A new market for corn and other agricultural produce has been built at Breslau, in Prussian Silesia, at which the Israelites

are allowed to attend, and have four of their nation appointed factors. This is a remarkable act of tolerance in a town where the Jews are still subjected to the most rigid restraints, being even excluded from the commercial exchange.—*Galvani.*

A CENOTAPH at Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington, to the memory of Dr. Watts, author of the well-known Hymns, was "inaugurated" on Tuesday. The cenotaph stands in the cemetery, and is adorned with a statue of the doctor, nine feet in height, of Portland stone.—*Spectator, 29th Nov.*

THE Times commissioner notices, at Cork, a sign of reaction in the temperance movement—

"There is a celebrated porter-brewery in the town, that of Beamish and Crawford, which, before Father Mathew's temperance movement, brewed 100,000 barrels a year. The temperance movement at once reduced the quantity brewed to one half. Its manufacture, however, has completely rallied again."

MR. DICKENS' NEW DAILY PAPER.—The following gossip respecting the new London daily paper, which is to commence with the next session of parliament, is furnished by the metropolitan correspondent of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, a gentleman well acquainted with the dramatis personæ alluded to:—I told you some time ago, if I recollect aright, that a new daily paper of ultra liberal politics was to be started with Charles Dickens as the editor, and his father as field marshal or conductor. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the proprietors of *Punch*, are the spirited men ostensibly known in the new paper—that is to be. A number of the "crack" reporters, all short-hand men, of the metropolitan journals, have been engaged at salaries of seven, eight, and ten guineas a week for three years certain. Dickens is to have two thousand a year! Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and others of "mark" and "likelihood," are to be among the chief writers. There is plenty of cash in the bank, and the parties are all men of undoubted honor. After a little "hitch," the effects of which lasted only twenty-four hours, everything has gone on most cheerfully. Charles Dickens had a dinner party the other day, composed of the principal lads engaged; each gentleman invited had to come with six names for the future journal; after dinner these were discussed with the champagne and claret; some of the titles were funny enough, and your readers must lose a good laugh by my withholding them. By general consent "The Daily News" was adopted; thus following for a title the period of Addison, Steele, &c. The name at first strikes the ear as "uncommon dull," but it gains on acquaintance; and there is something in coupling the word *news* with the title of a paper: everybody asks what "news to-day?" The paper is to be a rival of the old Whig Morning Chronicle.

AT the evening parties of the Marquis of Northampton during the last season, great admiration was excited by Mr. Goadby's beautiful anatomical preparations of the lower classes of animals, prepared in fluids, discovered by him after years of laborious and expensive experiments, and displayed in glass cases, also of his own invention and manufacture, admitting of the full examination of the animal either by the eye or microscope. These preparations on more than one occasion attracted the especial attention of his royal highness Prince Albert, whose knowledge of natural history enabled him to appreciate their value. They were also seen and much admired by Sir Robert Peel; and it is with the utmost satisfaction we are enabled to state, that, with the discriminating patronage of science and its cultivators which distinguishes him, he has recently presented Mr. Goadby with £150 from the royal bounty fund, as a reward for his labors in this department of natural history.—*Morning Post.*

From the Tribune.

The Poems of Alfred B. Street. Complete Edition. 8vo. pp. 319. New York. Clark & Austin, 130 Fulton street.

MR. STREET has modestly yet accurately indicated the true character and worth of these poems in his preface. They are fresh and true delineations of nature, unshadowed by the darker exhibition of human passions. If Bryant had not written, Mr. Street, (though no plagiarist,) might have taken rank among our most gifted bards. He is at all events one of the most promising of our young writers, though the collection of his occasional effusions into a volume shows us that the range of his past efforts is limited, and that external nature alone cannot inspire to the highest flights of genius. Here are specimens of his powers taken quite at random from the goodly volume before us:

A WINTER SUNSET.

Nature's great eye, low beaming in the west,
Pours sweetest light upon this mountain-road,
Pleasant in summer with delicious grass
And checkered shadows from the bowery limbs:
But mantled now in snow that, beaten hard,
Creaks to my footsteps. The green hemlock
smiles

Speckled with gold; the oak's sear foliage, still
Tight clinging to the boughs, is kindled up
To a rich brown, and on the carpet snow
Glow's a soft blush. At hand, a steep abyss
Lets down my eye upon the hollow. Pale
In its chill robe it lies, with dusky lines
Of crossing fences—groups and orchard-trees
And roofs, like dingy patches, sattered o'er.
But now the broad dilated sun has stoop'd
To the blue line of hills along the west.
Lower it falls, until a shred of light
Glitters, then sinks, and the red sky is bare.

A COMMON SCENE.

The sky with silver throngs of sleeping clouds
Is spotted, and a harmony of hues,
Azure and white, are there; a genial warmth
Burns in the sun glance; from that lowly vale
A smoke-wreath curls—a rustic chimney peeps
Through the thick foliage; in the furrowing field
The ploughman guides his team and whistles
blithe;

Around the brink of that blue fairy lake
A laughing group of children stand to watch
That frail bark speeding with its tiny sail
Across the dimpling mirror; now it moors
Within yon knot of water-plants: from out
The tree that dances to the wind, a wren
Is warbling to its mate within a bush.
The cattle lazily repose beneath
The meadow shade, or stoop to drink the rill
That freshens the green herbs. A summer scene,
Common yet lovely.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I dare not whisper what I feel for thee,
But I will let the flowers, upon whose leaves
Hath love its language written, plead my suit;
Then listen, lovely lady. First, I send
The rose of hundred leaves, ambassador.
The amaryllis next—an emblem bright
And beauteous, of thyself; interpreter
Of my own thoughts, the cedar; then for thee
The pure white lily, for myself the pink

Red as the sky at sunset; mignonette
For thee, for me the bay-leaf; the green fern
For thee, the oak-geranium for myself;
The harebell next, another emblem sweet
Of thee, the currant for myself; again
The austrian rose that breathes of thee such truth,
The jonquil whispering timidly for me.
The silver daisy and the jasmine wreathed,
Emblems again of thee; and for myself,
When the swift hours are warning me to leave,
I send the thyme to whisper thee the cause;
The orange blossom next, more truth of thee,
With the rich musk-rose to complete the wreath.
Then, oh then, clustered with my hopes and fears,
Warm from repeated pressures to my heart,
And trembling with its beatings, close entwined,
I give the myrtle's green and polished leaves
With the rose-hued chrysanthemum. With pride
I place thy wreath upon thy radiant brow,
And mine, with the red tulip in its midst,
I lay in deepest reverence at thy feet.

A FEW weeks ago, a very curious document was discovered among some old family papers belonging to an ancient family in Kent. It is a play, called "Wit and Wisdom," and is supposed to be the earliest drama in which a foreigner is introduced speaking broken English. The liberal owner has given permission for its publication; and it will be shortly printed by the Shakspeare Society, under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell.—*Literary Gazette.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM *The Belfry of Bruges*, we have copied, as an appropriate appeal to Christian men at this crisis of our affairs, The Arsenal at Springfield. Professor Longfellow nobly fills that great part of a poet's office—THE TEACHER. How many hearts were quickened by his noble Psalm of Life. As a daily incentive to labor, and a most comprehensive lesson, we advise all young men and young women, to copy and place in full view, in study or chamber, these lines from it, which have cheered and animated many languid and weary souls:

"TRUST NO FUTURE, HOW'EER PLEASANT!
LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD!
ACT! ACT! IN THE GLORIOUS PRESENT!
HEART WITHIN, AND GOD O'ERHEAD."

We have before copied those most exquisite lines, *The Day is Done*. They have been printed in pages innumerable, but we can never pass over them without reading them again.

The Singer's First Book, by J. & H. Bird, published by John Owen, Cambridge, consists of simple rules and easy music for common schools. Education in this country has been conducted upon a too low and narrow principle of utility. How much may be added to the pleasure, and how many hours may be rescued from the temptations of life by such a general study and practice of music as prevails in Germany and Switzerland.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers go on with their illustrated editions. The beautiful editions of the *Wandering Jew*, *Shakspeare*, and the *Bible* are before us.

Our old friend Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, has made a translation of *Phrenology Examined*, by P. Floutens, member of the French Academy, &c. &c., which Messrs. Hogan & Thompson have published in a good style. We have heretofore published other decisive refutations of Phrenology, but have continually returned to much belief in it. Perhaps this may be accounted for by our having very little knowledge of the science.